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OCTOBER

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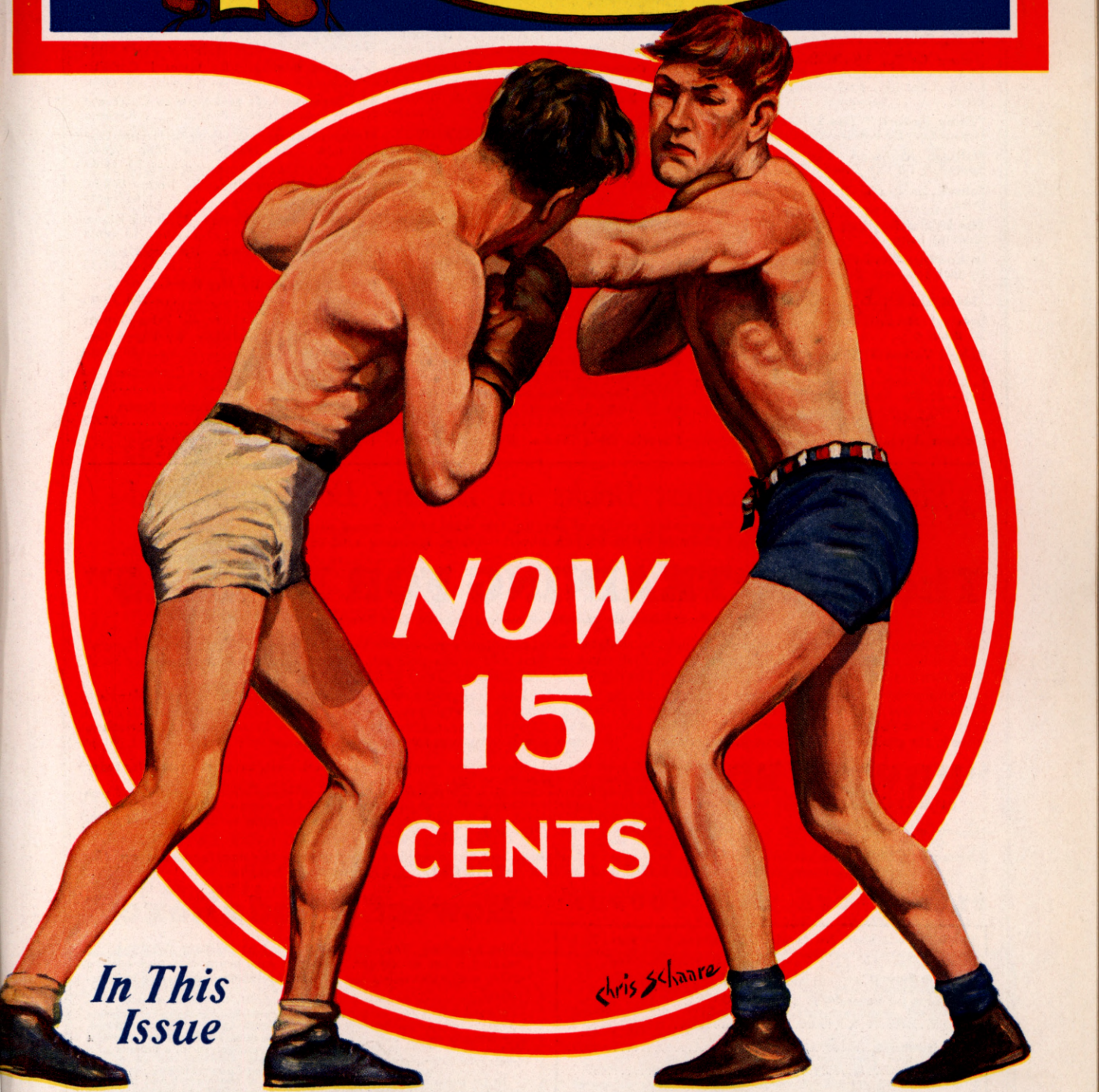

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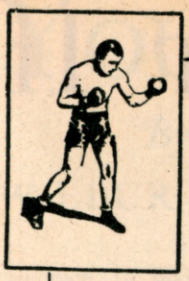

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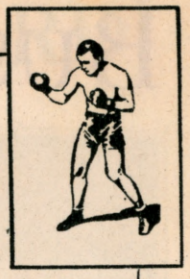

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Next Issue

Do you know that Australia, once the mecca for America's greatest boxing heroes, has come back with a bang in boxing? Read what Hugh D. McIntosh, who staged the Johnson-Burns battle, is doing to bring pugilism to the front in the Antipodes.

Among the great Hebrew fighters is listed the name of Dutch Sam, who thrived in England more than a century ago. You'll find an interesting story of his downfall in the November number.

Now that the Schmeling-Walker fight is over, and several of the other leading contenders had a chance to exhibit their wares last month, follow the heavyweight situation, in an article by Nat Fleischer.

These features, in addition to stories on boxing and wrestling by Wilbur Wood, Charles F. Mathison, Doc Almy, Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips and Jack Curley.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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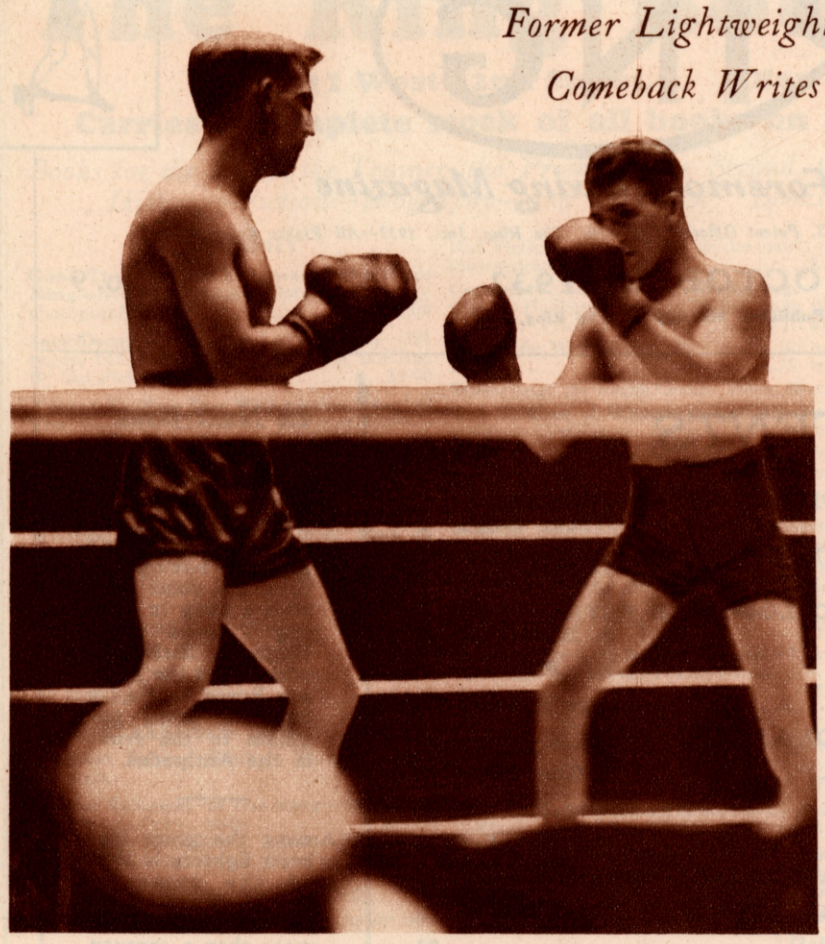
BUSINESS *POOR?* NOT IF

Former Lightweight Champion's Ring Comeback Writes a Saga of Sport



Leonard and Tendler sparring for an opening

"YOU ask me if my comeback has been worth the effort? I will answer that it has been worth while in more ways than one. Everyone is interested in making money. Since I started boxing again, a little more than a year ago, I have put $65,000 into a savings bank account. I was able to lay away that much out of 23 fights."

The speaker, as you no doubt have guessed, was Benny Leonard, whose amazing success in the ring after he had let his gloves hang on the wall for seven years, is an absorbing topic with the ringworms.

"Show me another business into which I could have gone and have made that much money in a year," continued the former undefeated lightweight champion. "You show me and I'll hop to it and probably find you already there.

"Boxing was good to me when I was a young fellow. I made a lot of money. I invested much of that money in apartment houses. I still have them. But owning an apartment house today is no way to make a living. Collecting rents, even in small installments, is a tough job. I know many another landlord who wishes he could fight. That's where I have the edge on the rest of them.

"I also took a flier at the theatrical game. Then I went into hockey. I bought the Pittsburgh hockey team, expecting to make a nice profit. Later, the franchise was transferred to Philadelphia. I stayed with it for a time, then got out. There was no money for me there.

* * *

"BY the way, here is something I have never seen in print. While I was in the show business, part of my act, naturally, was to box three rounds. That stage boxing was mostly showing off. I had to step around lively and show the stuff that had enabled me to win the lightweight championship and hold it until I retired more than seven years later.

"That stage boxing did me a lot of good, in that it held my weight down and kept me tuned up generally. Even three rounds of that sort of thing, if you do it two or three or four times a day, is enough exercise to keep a fellow in shape. It worked that way with me.

"After I quit the stage and became a hockey magnate I stopped exercising. I got my exercise by proxy, sitting on the bench and watching the hockey players perform. Naturally, having been an active fellow since my boyhood, I put on a lot of weight after I ceased to do any physical labor. Believe it or not, I got up to 178 pounds. Yet I hadn't dissipated or made a hog of myself at the table. That surplus poundage was merely the fruit of physical inactivity.

"In a sense, that extra and uncomfortable poundage led me to a comeback in the ring, though I'll say to you in all sincerity that when I went to Gus Wilson's place in Orangeburg a year ago last April and began to work out daily, my only purpose was to pare myself down to a decent weight, so that I would feel comfortable, and not look like a paunchy alderman.

* * *

"THAT brings me around to another of the major benefits I have had out of going into boxing again. I have worked off between 25 and 30 pounds of weight that I should not have been carrying. I'm still about fifteen pounds heavier than I was when at razor edge as lightweight champion. But that's not too much, considering I am many years older today. It is only natural to put on a few pounds as the years roll by. But, even if I had not made so much as a dollar out of my ring efforts, I would feel I had been fully repaid for all my efforts merely in having reached the physical condition that is mine today. It's great to feel like I do.

"After I had been at Orangeburg a few weeks, Teddy Hayes, who then trained Jack Kearns' boxers, happened to see me boxing with Young Terry, the Trenton middleweight. For three rounds in my workouts with Terry I was still the champion. I could outbox him and easily avoid his punches. After three rounds it was a different story. At that time I wasn't in shape to go more than three rounds with a tough young fellow like Terry. My own efforts wore me out.

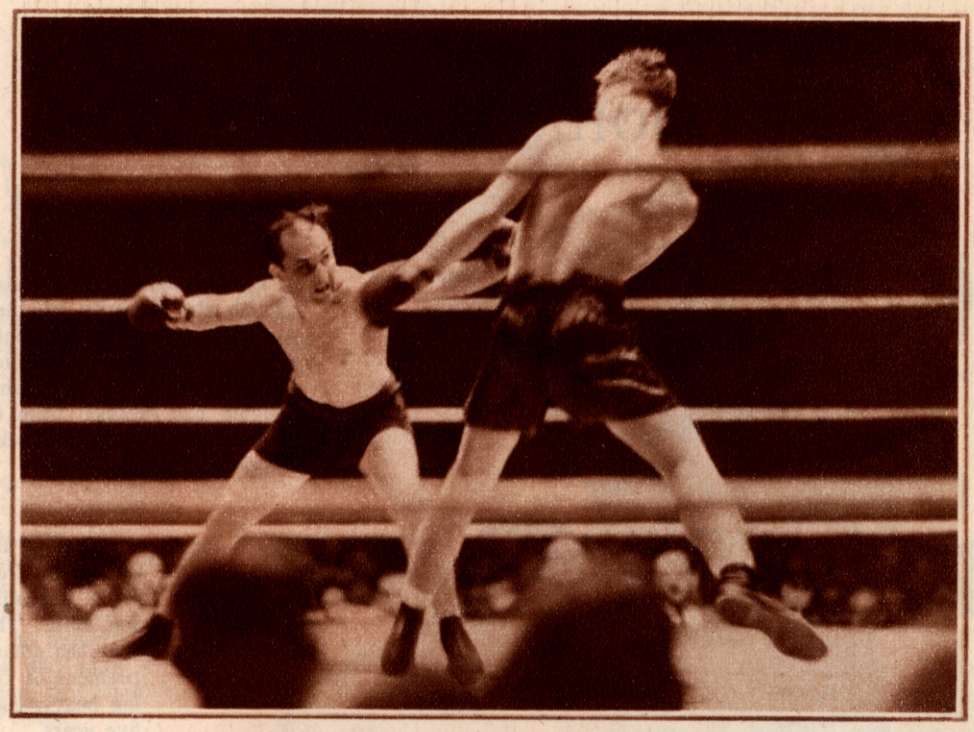
"But when Hayes saw how well I could do for a few rounds he began to talk to me about making a comeback. He said that if I could go three rounds like that with only a few weeks' work I should be able, with more training, to go ten. It sounded good, but I did not consider the idea seriously.

"A little later Kearns came to Orangeburg with Mickey Walker. They both joined Hayes in urging me to make a serious attempt to come back. One night, as I lay in bed, the idea kept turning over in my mind. I lay there for hours, thinking it over. Finally, I decided to make the effort. It would be a wonderful thing, I said to myself, to be the first

YOU ASK BENNY LEONARD!

By

WILBUR WOOD



Bald-headed Benny as he looked in recent fight with Townsend

champion to make a genuine comeback.

"Right here and now I want to correct an erroneous impression that is current among the followers of boxing. Jack Kearns was never my manager. There was nothing between us but friendship. Kearns and Hayes merely wanted to do everything they could to help me make a comeback. I engaged Hayes as my trainer for a time, but there never was any contract, or even any sort of an agreement with Kearns that he was to manage me.

"Though I had decided to go into the ring again I was chary about making any announcement to that effect. One night I was watching a show at Ebbets Field with Kearns. I guess he figured that if ever I could be persuaded to anounce my comeback plans publicly there would be no chance of my backing out. At any rate, he persuaded me, that night at Ebbets Field, to take an introduction from the ring, with the announcement that I was going to fight again. After that, it was up to me to take the plunge.

* * *

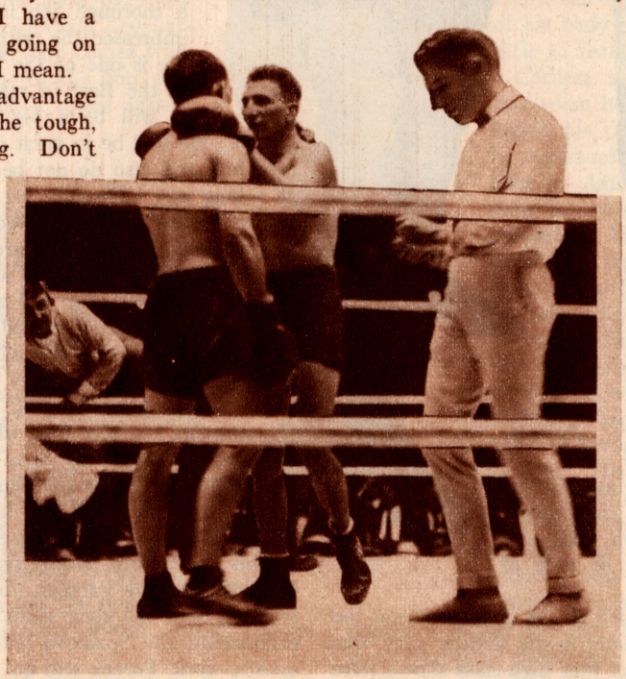
"HOW do I figure myself as a fighter to-day, as compared to when I was active as a lightweight champion? Say, I would be kidding myself if I said I am as good now as I used to be. Naturally, I'm not. But I believe I am good enough to win the welterweight title if I get a shot at it.

"In some ways, I'm better today than I used to be. I know more about the game. I have a better understanding of what is going on than I ever had, if you get what I mean.

"You've seen me fail to take advantage of openings in my fights with the tough, young fellows I have been boxing. Don't think for a moment that I didn't spot those openings. If I had cut loose I probably could have scored a knockout in an early round. But I couldn't afford to cut loose. I simply didn't dare to take the chance, because if I did go after a knockout and failed it might just be too bad for me.

"I know, as well as anyone else, that I couldn't take the chances I used to take. I couldn't afford to shoot the works early against those tough kids and then have nothing left, and five or six rounds still to go. I just couldn't take the gamble. Maybe those kids don't know too much about the science of the game, but they are bubbling over with vitality. If I shot the works and failed I would not have much left, but they would still be as strong as ever. So I have had to be very careful.

"You probably have noticed that in all my fights I have looked much better in the last three or four rounds. To some extent that has been because I gained smoothness and precision in the early rounds. But largely, it has been so because, with only a few more rounds to go, I could cut loose a bit, something I could not afford to do early in the fight. You know what would happen to a runner in a mile race if he started out at the clip the boys go in the hundred yard dash. If he did he would be through before he reached the half way mark. I have had to rate myself along, to be certain of having enough left to be going strongly at the finish. That's true in every sport.



The end of the great fight between Leonard and Tendler

"With every fight I figure to get a little better. Sometimes I haven't looked as good as I should. Take that fight with Paulie Walker. I realized after I got into the ring that I had been doing too much fighting. So I had to be very careful. After that fight I took a little vacation. Against Mike Sarko, in my next bout, I felt great. Too much training and too much fighting is as bad, or worse, than too little.

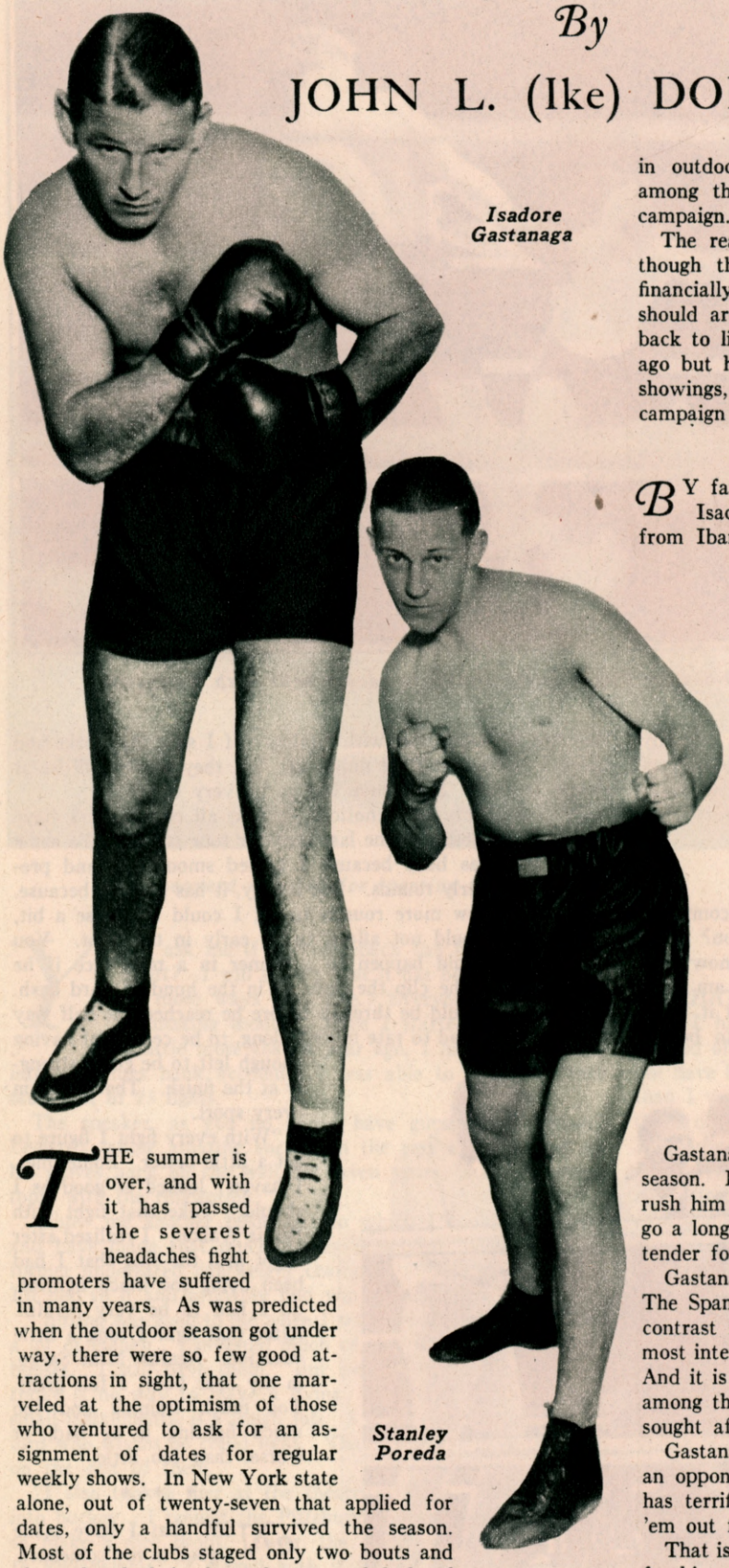
* * *

"NOW that I have made good in my comeback, I can look back on the year I spent getting back and smile at some of the things that happened to me, though they were far from funny at the time. It was (*Continued on page* 38)

New Names Rise *to* Rouse

By

JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN



Isadore Gastanaga

Stanley Poreda

THE summer is over, and with it has passed the severest headaches fight promoters have suffered in many years. As was predicted when the outdoor season got under way, there were so few good attractions in sight, that one marveled at the optimism of those who ventured to ask for an assignment of dates for regular weekly shows. In New York state alone, out of twenty-seven that applied for dates, only a handful survived the season. Most of the clubs staged only two bouts and then closed their doors because of lack of patronage.

Even the Queensboro Club, which in the past has been the only money maker during the summer in the Greater City, was in the red, and this despite the fact that high-class shows were staged and many new faces were seen. However, from present appearances, it seems that the indoor season will be one of the best in recent years, and that those whose money was invested in outdoor attractions will regain their losses if they are among the promoters who will be in the field for the fall campaign.

The reason for such statement lies in the fact that even though the majority of the summer shows were big flops financially, they brought into the spotlight new talent that should arouse keen public interest; and in addition, brought back to life several boys who were fine drawing cards a year ago but had dropped from the front rank after several poor showings, only to come back with a bang during the outdoor campaign just closed.

* * *

BY far the outstanding fighter of the outdoor season was Isadore Gastanaga, rosy-cheeked Basque heavyweight from Ibarra, only a few miles from where Paulino Uzcudun was born. This foreigner, the latest of a group that has amazed the fight public since the retirement of Gene Tunney, is the most promising heavyweight seen in our midst in the last five years.

He may not be a world beater. He may only be a flash in the pan, but judging from his work against both Hans Birkie and Charley Retzlaff, he looks like the goods. In fact, he looks better right now than did Max Schmeling in his first three fights in this country, and that is saying considerable.

Gastanaga, after whipping Birkie, took on the tough Duluth farmer and crashed into the fistic limelight by handing Retzlaff the first k. o. of his career. Not only did he stop Charley, but he halted him in less than one round, a feat worthy of praise. It was only the second defeat the mid-westerner had suffered in three years during which he had engaged in forty-eight battles. While Gastanaga did a thorough job in the victory over Retzlaff, what impressed the critics most was his fast, hard hitting. He is one of the hardest and fastest punchers seen in the East in many moons.

Gastanaga will be a big drawing card during the indoor season. He will be in great demand and if his handlers do not rush him and also do not become avaricious, their charge will go a long way. He may yet develop into an outstanding contender for the crown now worn by Jack Sharkey.

Gastanaga and Poreda are opposites in styles of fighting. The Spaniard is a puncher while the Jersey boy is a boxer, a contrast in styles that will make a meeting between them a most interesting battle should they be pitted against each other. And it is most likely they will be, for such a bout would class among the best of the early indoor cards and would be much sought after by the leading promoters of the country.

Gastanaga is of the type who feel that unless they can knock an opponent stiff, they have not accomplished their end. He has terrific power behind his punches, something that brings 'em out for any fight. He has confidence and he can take it.

That is why so much praise has been heaped on him. Except for his appearance, Gastanaga reminds one of Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, for like Luis, he loves to sock and sees red once the gong sends him on his way. For thrills and excitement, the Spaniard will fill the bill this winter and for artistic work, Poreda will do. With these two, Mickey Walker, Schmeling, Baer, Schaaf, Stribling, Risko, Carnera, Levinsky

Interest in Ring Affairs

Gastanaga, Brouillard, Poreda, Jeby and Ebbets Infuse Spirit Into Boxing

and possibly McCorkindale, the South African star, to choose from, the heavyweight division should be a most active one during the indoor season.

* * *

COMING into the class below the heavies, there is a real, two-fisted fighter who has been mowing down opponent after opponent and who at this writing shapes up as the best of the light-heavyweight battlers, Harry Ebbets, the Freeport Adonis. Harry has been going like a house afire the past six months and should be at the height of his career this fall and winter. A championship bout with Rosenbloom and one with the N.B.A. title holder, Nichols, are Ebbets' aim and these bouts should prove good attractions. Harry has made fine strides this year.

* * *

ANOTHER of the big-shots of the outdoor session who will be a headliner indoors, is Ben Jeby, who up to this writing, had scored six consecutive knockouts against good talent. When Jeby started after Mickey Walker's crown following the latter's abdication of the title, he went along at a whirlwind clip until he bumped into Francois Battaglia of Winnipeg and came out second best. The report spread that another fistic bubble had burst and Jeby found himself dropped from a major to a minor attraction.

But he wasn't discouraged. Under the able guidance of his little manager, Hymie Caplin, who brought Al Singer up from a preliminary boy to the lightweight championship in less than two years, Jeby went into training, agreed to take on all comers at the smaller clubs and emerged from his comeback campaign a winner, a bigger and better card than ever. He went out into the sticks and redeemed himself and to-day he stands as the man best qualified to tackle Marcel Thil, French and European middleweight king, for the world's championship. Jeby's last five knockouts were over My Sullivan, Trader Horn, Buck McTiernan, Leo Larrivee and Leo Palmer. Larrivee, who comes from New England and was rated one of the best club fighters of the age, failed to last a round against the New York Ghetto boy.

* * *

STANLEY POREDA is certain to be a good indoor attraction. Stanley dropped out of the picture last spring after making great headway in the early fall and winter, but he, like Jeby, was not discouraged. He realized he was still young in the game and needed more schooling.

Poreda's victory over Ernie Schaaf, followed by that over Carnera, two outstanding men in the heavyweight ranks, boomed the Jerseyite's stock sky high. Stanley is certain to be given several lucrative engagements by the Garden. He has grown stronger during the summer and with the able assistance of Joe Jeannette, he has mastered the finer points of boxing. Poreda has everything in his favor. He is young, posessses a fine jab, can hit hard and has proved he has the mettle to withstand punishment. These assets should enable him to make rapid strides this winter.

Still another who will draw well this winter, is Primo Carnera. Under the able management of Bill Duffy, who has succeeded Leon See, the Italian giant is being pitted against real competition with the result that he has improved considerably. He is rapidly gaining self-confidence, something he lacked under See, and he has developed a splendid jab. If Duffy can teach Carnera how to get the weight of his body behind his punches, Primo will have little to fear from the best of the heavyweights.

Carnera is no longer the freak attraction he was when he was ballyhooed by See. But he'll regain his prestige. He'll pack 'em in again if he continues to improve as he has since his return to America. Carnera is taking his work more seriously than ever and he has had it impressed on him that the days of the setups are over. To continue to remain an attraction, he must now prove his worth and he is going about his task with that in mind.

Canada offers a fine prospect in Frank Bataglia, the Italian-Canadian who has been demonstrating his worth as a drawing card by his hard hitting. Frank, a lad of only 22, is a terrific puncher, has a wonderfully built body and is full of fight. His best feat was stopping the rise of New York's star middleweight, Ben Jeby, at a time when the Ghetto lad was having things all his own way. He knocked Jeby out in the first round. Now that Jeby has made a determined effort to regain his lost prestige and has succeeded, a return bout for the indoor season between these two good punchers, would be a good attraction.

There are several other lads who are coming along and they should help the cause.

Lou Brouillard

Ben Jeby

Tunney's New Ambition

GREENWICH VILLAGE, one of the most celebrated sections of "Little Old New York," may soon boast of having another one of its fighting sons sitting in Congress at Washington. More than half a century has passed since an American pugilist of note has occupied a rôle in the making of the laws of this land, the first and last of the representatives of fistiana so honored, being the renowned John Morrissey. And strange as it might seem, the very district that furnished him to the House of Representatives, is about to send another young man, a quiet, well-mannered retired champion, Gene Tunney, to the highest law-making body, the Senate.

Gene has cast his hat into the political ring as the champion of the Roosevelt cause, and in Connecticut, which is now his home, they are priming him for the post of Alternate Senator, and Gene smilingly acknowledges that he would be delighted to be elected to such high post. It is only within the past few months that Tunney has taken to politics, but in that short space he has made such a hit that he is the most popular speaker of the Roosevelt-Garner presidential campaign staff. In fact, the chairman of the committee has publicly announced that he has more requests for Tunney as a speaker than he has had for the presidential candidate himself. Quite an honor, indeed!

As Tunney was born only a stone's throw from where the famous Morrissey-Poole feud, a political affair, took place and later brought on the death of Poole, it is fitting that the story of the first fighter-congressman, Morrissey, be reviewed here. Like Tunney, Morrissey wrote his name large in the prize ring in which he, like Gene, held the heavyweight title. Later he became a member of the New York Assembly and followed as a member of the House of Representatives.

* * *

IF as is so often remarked, politics and the prize ring go hand-in-hand, and there is considerable truth in that statement, in the old days they were inseparable, especially in New York. Morrissey was the political leader of the old Greenwich Village soon after the Civil War ended, and as such, he was the most powerful figure, politically, of his party. He had a gang of roughnecks always at his call, and with them to aid his cause, he felt secure at all times.

Gene Tunney

The story of Gene Tunney's entry into the political arena is interesting if for no other reason than because it shows how the "manly art of scrambling ears" has been lifted out of the muck of rowdyism and thuggery through the aid of legalized commission rule and the entry of high school and college boys into the sport.

The story of Gene's Greenwich Village predecessor is the story of the typical gangster warfare of the bare-knuckle period. It is the story of murderous groups of political ruffians who ruled not only politics, but the prize ring. However, before one castigates Morrissey or his rival and bitter enemy, Bill Poole, or the whole prize ring ensemble of the early days, he must remember the times and the conditions. Boxing or prize fighting then had its bark on. Truly, times have changed and we change with them.

Poole and Morrissey belong to the older order, an order far different from the society set in which Gene Tunney travels. "Old Smoke," as Morrissey was called, and "Bill the Butcherman," were rough-and-tumble fighters. Morrissey commanded the Tammany forces, and Poole, the Know-Nothings, a Native American group.

* * *

IN the late fifties the animosity between the Know Nothings, now the Republicans, and the Democrats approached its climax. Naturally the animosities of the two factions were greatest in the sporting fraternity, so called.

In 1855, Tom Hyer, a former butcher, was champion. His good friend and loyal supporter was another West Side butcher, Billy Poole. The two men were the peers of all the rough and ready barroom battlers of the day. Naturally they had large followings and no little political influence. Hyer and Poole were the bright and shining lights of the Know Nothings.

The Democrats, or Irish faction, was not without its champions. Notably among them were John Morrissey, Lewis Baker, James Turner, Cornelius Linn, Charles Van Pelt, John Huyler, Jim Irving, and Pat McLaughlin who called himself Paudeen.

It goes without saying that there was bitter feeling between Hyer and Poole on the one side and Morrissey et al. on the other.

The whole crew hated Hyer for personal more than political reasons, but they also feared him and never tackled him single-handed. There was also deep hatred between Poole and Morrissey. At the bottom it was made up mainly of such feelings as rule scrappy boys of rival neighborhoods. The prestige of both men as gang leaders and political leaders also was at stake. The animosity of the rival roughs reached the point of ebullition early in January, 1855.

Hyer had been at Lafayette Hall and had been followed from there to Platt's Bar in the basement of the old original Wallack's Theatre. He was sipping beer and talking to the bartender when Turner and Baker entered. Turner approached Hyer, made a pass at him and called him insulting names. Hyer brushed him away. Whereupon Baker and Turner pulled out revolvers.

Turner fired twice, the second shot grazing Hyer's neck. Bystanders intervened and the firing stopped. Hyer, who remained cool and collected throughout it all, ordered both men out of the place.

Instead of complying Turner again cocked his pistol. Hyer sprang at him, swung him around by the neck and disarmed him. Baker jumped on Hyer's back but Tom shook him off, grappled with him and took his gun away too.

Follows Old Path

Gene's Political Goal Brings Back Memories of Morrissey, Poole and Raw Old Days

By
A. D. PHILLIPS

Bill Poole ***John Morrissey***

THE authorities refused to make arrests despite there was no question but that both men had planned to kill Hyer. Naturally the braves of both sides were excited to fever heat over the incident. Poole and Morrissey both swaggered. Poole sent word to Morrissey that he would name a spot where he and Morrissey could fight and would bet $50 Morrissey would not meet him there.

Morrissey accepted the bet. Poole named the old Christopher street pier. This was in the heart of Poole's district and only two blocks from Billy's home. Morrissey forfeited the bet and challenged Poole to name another place. Poole then named the Amos street pier. This also was in enemy territory but Morrissey decided to risk it.

Morrissey went to the pier with a dozen stout friends. Poole was there with a mob of supporters. Poole was ready to fight, but his supporters became so excited they went wild, set upon Morrissey, knocked him down and kicked and unmercifully beat him. He would have been killed except for his friends fighting off his attackers.

Naturally, Morrissey felt that he had a grievance and centered it against Poole. A few weeks later Morrissey was sitting in a private room behind the bar at Stanwix Hall, then a new drinking place on Broadway opposite the old Metropolitan Hotel. While Morrissey was in the rear room Poole came in to the bar with several friends and stood there drinking, unaware of the proximity of Morrissey.

Hearing Poole's voice Morrissey rushed into the barroom with several friends behind him. Walking up to Poole, Morrissey proceeded to abuse him in no gentle terms.

Friends of both men intervened and tried to prevent a fight. When Morrissey was being dragged away he turned, shook off his holders, pulled an Allen revolver, levelled it at Poole and snapped it three times. The contraption failed to work. Morrissey called for another weapon. None was forthcoming.

* * *

IN the meantime Poole had pulled a gun. Morrissey stood helpless in front of him. Poole levelled his gun at Morrissey's head, but refused to pull the trigger and kill his man in cold blood. Both men were arrested and quickly released.

Poole remained at the Stanwix. About one o'clock in the morning some of Morrissey's gang appeared, but without Morrissey. Pat McLaughlin, or Paudeen, as he was better known, walked up to Poole and spat in his face. Seeing he was outnumbered and in a dangerous predicament, Poole calmly taunted his enemies and declared he would lick any single man among them.

For answer, Turner drew a heavy Colt from a holster and waving it wildly, tried to level it at Poole. He was so inebriated, that the best he could do was to fall and shoot himself in his own arm.

But while on the floor, Turner managed to fire and wound Poole in the leg. Poole staggered toward Baker, who whipped out a revolver and shot Poole in the abdomen. One of the bullets was said to have entered Poole's heart. But Billy was such a tough one, that he lived for fourteen days.

None of the gang was convicted for the killing. Morrissey claimed he knew nothing of the goings on. Soon afterward he went to Saratoga.

As for Morrissey's victory over John C. Heenan, Morrissey won only through Heenan missing a punch and hitting the wooden ring stanchion and putting his arm completely out of commission.

After his fight with Heenan, Morrissey wrote a letter to the *Tribune* in 1858 announcing his official retirement from the ring. His enemies spread the report that the true reason for such action was his fear of Heenan in a return bout.

* * *

TO this day, the Morrissey-Poole feud is a timely topic in old Greenwich Village. The old timers, thorough-bred Americans whose pride carries the fighting spirit, still talk about the fearlessness of Poole and the pugnacity of Morrissey. Some call Morrissey a brutal, cowardly ruffian. Thus they pull the pedestal from under the Village's legendary ring and political hero.

And yet wasn't Morrissey only of the same stuff most heroes are made of?

Are not all heroes virtually "man-created gods," their weaknesses ignored or camouflaged, their abilities exaggerated, their deeds magnified to herculean proportions? Pull the curtain aside on most of them and they are but common clay.

John Morrissey had his faults the same as any human. But he was made of the right stuff. From nothing he climbed to a championship; from a bar room he went to legislative halls.

True, he might have been a man of Destiny. But, if you note, Fortune never smiles on a fellow who can't deliver the goods.

Luck often helps, but you seldom see Fortune smile on a weakling.

John Morrissey was a creature of his environment. He looked his times and his environment straight in the eye and promptly went out and made good. (*Continued on page* 35)

Daniel Mendoza

The crafty Mendoza drove Fitzgerald before him with a terrific blow on the chin and sent him to his knees

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By Nat Fleischer

O, have you not heard of O'Blarney,
Who came all the way from Killarney?
If you fear a black eye,
Take warning and fly,
For a broth of a bhoy is O'Blarney.

When the potheen—that's whiskey—is steaming,
'Tis naught but of fighting he's dreaming,
And och! I can tell
Where mischief does dwell—
The shillelagh of Paddy O'Blarney.

Then should you e'er meet this O'Blarney,
Who rode all on foot from Killarney,
Beware of his smile,
Mind your eye all the while—
A shillelagh has Paddy O'Blarney!

THE Celtic race is proverbially a fighting race, yet, strange as it might seem, it was a Hebrew, Daniel Mendoza, to whom the Irish owe much for popularizing the fistic sport in the land of Erin. Back in 1791, this great Hebrew champion, recognized in fistic lore as the Father of Scientific Boxing, signed a contract to tour Ireland with Philip Astey, England's leading horseman, the organizer of the first traveling circus, called Astey's Circus.

Having exhibited his pugilistic prowess in Scotland, where he had just completed a nine months' tour, Mendoza, flushed with success, agreed to accept Astey's terms and to join him on a journey to Ireland. This, despite the fact that it was most dangerous for an Englishman at the time to travel through the Land of the Shamrock, and still more dangerous when the Englishman, as in the case of Mendoza, was a Jew. Such a combination would have made the average man think twice before making the journey to Ireland, but not so with Mendoza.

DANIEL knew not what fear meant. He had repeatedly demonstrated his courage in street and ring battles in England, and regarded himself master of any situation in which the fists were to play an important part in an engagement. In fact, he cherished a fight, as he proved soon after his ship reached half-way across to Ireland, when the vessel was attacked by pirates. Mendoza, single-handed, beat two of the sea robbers into insensibility, one of whom drowned, and that was sufficient warning for the others to take their boat and disappear.

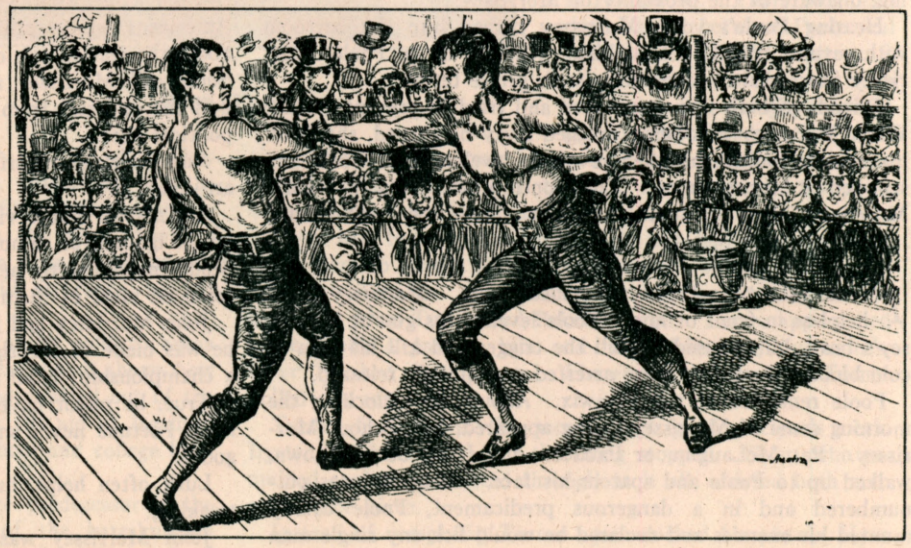
Upon his arrival in Dublin, Mendoza was beseiged by gentlemen anxious to test his skill, and realizing that it would mean good business for him to open a school, he engaged quarters for a gymnasium in Dame Street and there he had many pupils. While prior to his arrival Ireland had boasted of a number of professional fighters, most of them ruffians, Mendoza's presence increased the interest among the schoolboys, sons of the elite, and through his help many amateur clubs, which in later years turned out many stars, were organized, and these became the rendezvous of the leading sportsmen. And within a short time boxing became the most popular sport and Mendoza the most popular teacher.

One of these clubs, Daly's, which had been organized long before Mendoza visited Ireland, had among its members the sons of the leaders of society, and these young bucks and bloods flocked to the Hebrew for special instruction. A new interest was centered on boxing and a new type of fighter was brought to the front. With all hands eager to emulate Mendoza, the leading Irish centers, especially Dublin, gained many boxing recruits. Thus Mendoza's presence in Ireland brought about the development of future greats and made Ireland the center of the world's fistic market for many years.

* * *

IT was at Mendoza's gymnasium where he fought his first and last battle in Ireland, and so interesting an affair was this that we shall describe the arrangements and contest in detail.

At the time there was a famous athlete in Dublin, Squire Fitzgerald by name. He was known for his skill and daring in all branches of sport. He was a fearless horseman, a crack shot, an accomplished runner, a man of great strength and a fighter of no mean ability. In fact, he was a perfect "divil" once he got into a fist fight. The Irish sports worshiped him because of his prowess and some, thinking they had discovered a way to lower the colors of Mendoza, the popular Hebrew,



The Israelite forcing the issue with his Irish opponent

The Jew Who Popularized Fighting in Ireland

suggested to Fitzgerald that he, "alone, of all the sons of the Emerald Isle, could take the measure of this English Israelite."

The next day the hot-headed, ill-tempered, fiery Fitzgerald set out for Daly's Club to take a peep at the Israelite. Arriving at the stamping grounds, Fitzgerald began, in no complimentary words, to comment on Hebrews in general and Mendoza in particular. He called Daniel a trickster who had been fooling the public long enough and went so far as to declare that Mendoza wouldn't stand a chance against any fighter of courage and determination, whereupon Lord Westmeath, Fitzgerald's backer, exclaimed:

"Good! That's exactly what I think. It's yerself that could prove to this faker that the Irish are stronger than the Jews and it's yerself that could knock the consate out of this Heebrew, and it's meself would like to see ye do it. I'll back ye, me bhoy."

Daniel Mendoza (left) and Richard Humphries, as they appeared when they sparred off in their championship fight which Mendoza won in 1789

To which Fitzgerald replied:

"Yes, I think I could lick this Jew in a fair fight. I know I can."

This aroused Fitz's supporters to the extent that all seemed to agree that at last the Hebrew fighter would find his master, and this master would be an Irishman. They gave Fitzgerald words of encouragement and when the party broke up at dawn, everybody, including Fitzgerald, was confident that Mendoza would be whipped if a contest could be arranged.

* * *

ON the following day, Fitzgerald issued a challenge to Mendoza. Daniel was at his school, ready to give his pupils their lesson, when he noticed that there was quite a gathering of strangers in the room and he was anxious to learn the reason for their presence. It wasn't long before he found out, for, as he started to question one of the men, the door opened and, without any announcement, in walked Fitzgerald, accompanied by the Duke of Leinster, Lord Westmeath, Lord Granard, the Earl of Ormond and his brother, the Hon. Mr. Butler, Lord Harrington, Colonels St. George, St. Leger, White and Cradock, and other men of fashion among the Fancy. The group comprised the leaders in Irish sportdom.

"Good morning, gentlemen," was Mendoza's polite greeting to the visitors. "Do you wish to take boxing lessons from me?"

Up stepped the Duke of Leinster, spokesman for the rest, and said:

"Mr. Mendoza, I wish to introduce to you my good friend, Mr. Fitzgerald, who would like to make a real trial of your boxing skill."

"Do you wish to take lessons?" again asked Mendoza.

"Sir," snapped back Fitzgerald, "it's mighty little you could teach me or anyone else, I'm thinking. Anyhow, in the matter of fighting, I've had about as much experience as yourself and I'd like to test you."

"Oh, you would like, then, to have the gloves on with me," chuckled Mendoza.

Angered by this boldness and regarding the laughter as an insult, Squire Fitzgerald, with a stamp of his feet and a menacing attitude, shouted back:

"Gloves be damned. I've come here to show ye what an Irishman can do with these bare fists to a Jew."

"So that's what you've come here for," calmly answered Mendoza. "Well, I must beg to decline having a set-to with a novice as you, except with the gloves."

"What? Do you mean to insult me? If you refuse, you damned Hebrew, I'll brand you as a coward and a faker throughout Ireland."

"A coward, you'll call me," shouted back Mendoza as he lost his temper. "Me, a coward! I'll show you who's a coward! No man has ever dared to offer such insult to me before, and you'll not be the first to get away with it. I'll teach you a lesson!" snapped back Mendoza.

"Then you'll fight me, will you?" came back the thundering voice of Fitzgerald.

"Yes, I'll fight you and I'll give you the worst thrashing an Irishman ever received," responded Mendoza. "But," he continued, "I shall continue to insist that we fight with gloves and not the bare fists."

* * *

WHEREUPON Fitzgerald's backers held a conference, after which the Duke of Leinster, again acting as spokesman, returned to Mendoza and said:

"Mr. Mendoza, we have come here to see a set-to without gloves between you and our friend Squire Fitzgerald. We are eager to see such a contest and we will give you fifty guineas if you will agree."

The mention of fifty guineas, an equivalent of about $250, proved an inducement. The mere mention of money was sufficient to stir Mendoza into action, and he allowed himself to be persuaded to enter into an agreement to fight Fitzgerald.

The room was cleared. The doors to Mendoza's school were locked. The spectators were ushered against the walls to make room for the encounter. The contestants stripped and the seconds were named.

Mendoza selected his cousin Aaron, while Fitzgerald chose Colonel Cradock and Mr. Freemantle, and the Duke of Leinster and Lord Granard acted as umpires. The men took their places in the center of the ring and one of the most unique ring battle of all times was under way.

Try as Fitzgerald would, he could not penetrate the guard of his opponent. Mendoza at the start confined himself entirely to defensive tactics, as he did not want to injure his man, and this continued until the third round, when Fitzgerald and his backers began to taunt Daniel with stinging remarks.

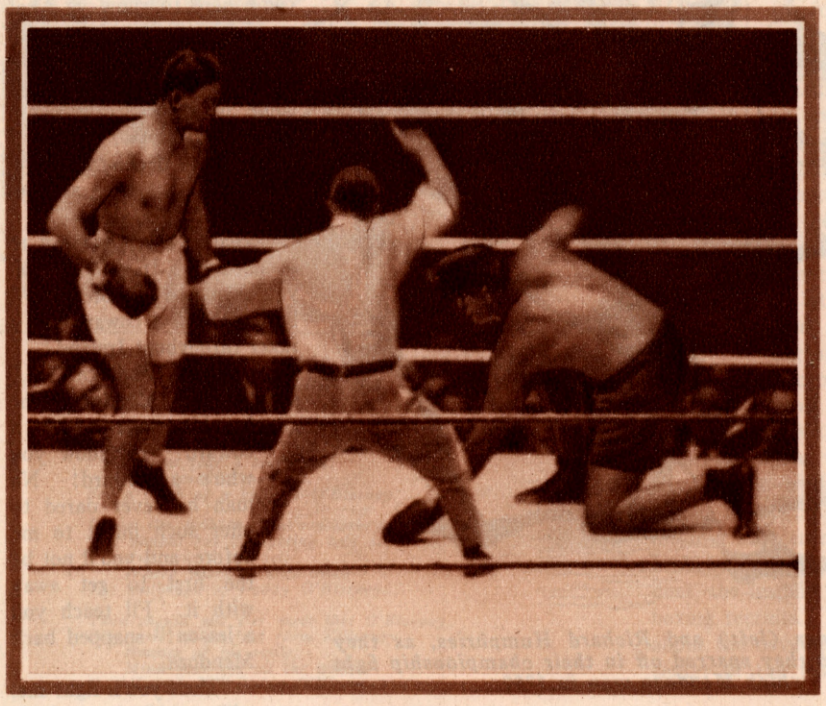
"Why don't you hit, you cowardly Jew?" Fitzgerald remarked. "I thought you were a fighter, and an English champion. Are you the best that England can produce?"

Whereupon, Mendoza, replying to this taunt, said:

"Why, I'm only playing with you." (*Continued on page* 37)

Is He Game!

By George F. Nock



When Luis Firpo took his fourth count in game battle with Jack Dempsey

WHAT is needed to make a champion? Lots of things.

To be a popular champion he must have a wallop. To be able to land that wallop he must have footwork so as to be in a hitting position. Then he must have quickness of eye to notice an opening, and quickness of brain and hand to take advantage of that opening.

Iron hands are required to stand up to the shock of landing heavy wallops. He must have a jaw which will stand up to punishment. To last the distance, he must possess stamina, hardiness and energy.

But even if he has all of these, however, he will be a failure unless he has another attribute. And that is courage, gameness, guts, call it what you will.

True, courage alone, without any other outstanding qualities to back it up, will not enable a man to become a champion, but courage always was, is, and always will be the greatest asset of a fighter. Look at the men who would have climbed to the top but for lack of courage. Some of them had everything—punch, speed, toughness of jaw and body, durability and brains. But they were like the cash-and-carry store—had the goods, but could not or would not deliver them. Lack of "guts" stopped them. But, thank goodness, they are outnumbered by the men who, although not so gifted in other directions, had the courage which enabled them to triumph in adversity. And they are the game chickens of ring history.

* * *

THE world of fist-fighting had its gamesters long before the ring fights as we know them to-day came into being. Just think of those old Greek and Roman gladiators who used to amuse the crowds of the arena by their playful habits of slugging each other with that iron-studded glove of death, the cestus. If those playboys weren't game, then a guy in the African jungle with a pop-gun and a black boy, waiting for a lion, isn't a game hunter. I'll say he is!

As years passed and men had taken to fighting with nature's own weapons, the game chickens were still conspicuous by their deeds. Yes, in hundreds of those bare-knuckle fights, gameness was the outstanding feature.

But let's take the classic fight of the pickled-hand period, with the American champion, Heenan, against the English title-holder, Sayers. Four times in the first six rounds was Sayers sent crashing to the turf, whilst Heenan, besides bleeding from the cheek and lips, had one of his eyes swollen more than the ranks of the unemployed. And then, in the seventh round, they got stuck into each other in real earnest. Sayers crushed the already flattened nose of the Benicia Boy, who, on recovering, threw his entire weight—the whole 200 pounds of it—behind a terrific right-hander. Crack! Sayers' right forearm, which he had raised to block the blow, had broken.

But did he quit? No! He still had his mighty left, and right good use did he make of it, playing for Heenan's eyes until one was closed tight and the other fast approaching that painful state.

Considering their injuries and the magnificent fight they had put up, both men were entitled to quit without loss of honor. But did they? Even in the 37th round, two hours after they had first started throwing fists, they were still willing to continue for five rounds after the crowd had swarmed the ring.

* * *

THE courage of man has not diminished with the passing of time. To-day we still have with us two of the cleverest, fastest, toughest and gamest ringmen of all time. Both are entitled to their place in boxing's Hall of Fame. Gentlemen, meet James J. Corbett and Joseph Bartlett Choynski! Read what that grand old sportsman, Eddie Graney wrote of their famous fight which took place in the straits of Carquinez, at the end of the last century:

"That fight on the barge, between Choynski and Corbett, was the greatest battle I ever saw. No two men alive to-day could hope to duplicate it!"

And in my opinion, no one man alive to-day, let alone two, would care to duplicate it. Having the honor and glory of the fight—there was no cash except a side wager of 1000 dollars—would be all right. Sure! But what of the punishment? No matter how game a man is, he does not go looking for excessive punishment, and both Choynski and Corbett certainly did receive a helluva licking the day they swapped punches.

With a broiling hot sun above them and the sickening motion of the barge beneath them, they cut each other to ribbons with skin tight gloves. At the end of the fourteenth session, when many of the spectators were sickened at the sight, the referee was for calling it a draw.

But the fighters would not have it that way. You see it was a grudge fight! "Not on your life," replied Corbett, "I'll be in the center every round, even if I have to drag myself to scratch," and Choynski declared that they would get another referee if Patsy Hogan did not wish to stick it out.

After the twentieth round, Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, who

Fighters with Plenty of Grit are Ring's Greatest Attractions

was in Choynski's corner, wanted Joe to quit. But Choynski pushed him away, and, pleaded through his split and hanging lips:

"Don't throw in the towel, Jack! I'm not licked yet. Please don't stop it. Let him kill me, but don't say I quit!"

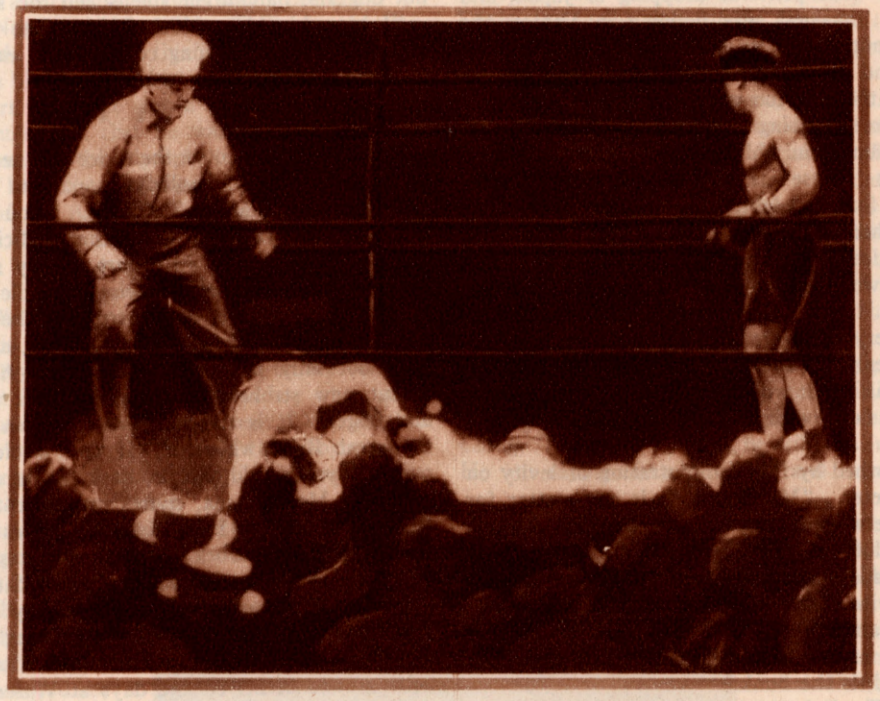
And after Dempsey had trimmed Joe's lips with his knife, Joe went out to take all Corbett could give him. That wasn't much, for Corbett who was bleeding from the nose and mouth, had smashed both of his hands.

For another eight rounds they hacked away at each other until both were ripe for the kill. But neither had enough left in them to pop over the dream kisses. Then in the twenty-eighth round, Choynski ducked into Corbett's left and went out. His victor—although neither deserved to lose—collapsed when the count reached ten.

So ended one of the greatest of all grudge fights. But as is generally the way with fights of that nature, the contestants became great friends and lived hap—aw you know the old fairy tale ending!

* * *

THE title of this story contains the word chicken. Now nobody who knows his or her boxing would say that Luis Angel Firpo was anything like a chicken. At least not like a real chicken. A chicken! Jack Johnson's delight! So nice and tender, and so, oh! so appetizing! Smackit da lips, stickit da ribs! Aw gee!



Jimmy Wilde, battered into a state of helplessness, refused to give in until, like the fighting champion he was, he went down with colors flying in the seventh round of his fight with Pancho Villa

Of course boarding house chickens are different. Like them, Luis was real tough. But he was also real game, and so will have to be mentioned in dispatches.

All who saw, read or have heard of Firpo's epic fight with Dempsey, know what a great showing he put up. How he repeatedly climbed up from knockdowns to mix it with the greatest slugger of the age who stood over him, ready to crash him to the canvas again. He sure showed guts!

But Firpo had already proved his courage several hours before he entered the ring on that hectic night of September 14th, 1923. He proved it at the weighing in that afternoon. While examining him, Dr. Walker, the Commission's physician, noticed that a bump on the left arm caused Firpo to show pain. Examination proved that the humerus was fractured. Not sprained or dislocated, mind you, but fractured.

Dr. Walker declared that the fight could not go on, but Firpo was not to be denied his chance at the title. On being told that it would be dangerous to meet Dempsey with his left arm in such a condition, he said that he could beat Dempsey and would do it with one arm.

And do it he darn near did! Some say that he did do it when he knocked Dempsey into "Corona Avenue." But why go into that? Dempsey has lost his title, but Firpo never will lose his reputation as one of the gamest fighters of ring history.

Firpo was one of the biggest men who ever fought for the world's title. But gameness is not dependant on size.

* * *

AT the same venue—the Polo Grounds—several months before Firpo had battled so gamely against the breaks and the Manassa Mauler, Jimmy Wilde had lost his flyweight title to that fury of the Phillipines—Pancho Villa.

Stand Firpo and Wilde side by side, and what do you see? Firpo, bull-like and powerful, strength in every muscle of his huge limbs. Wilde, so unlike his name. His face that of a school-boy. And his body? Suffice to say that the great English cartoonist, Tom Webster, was in the habit of drawing Wilde's head and then just lines for the body and limbs.

But let's get back to the Polo Grounds and the Villa fight! Wilde was past his best at the time, and perhaps had no right to be in the ring defending his title against a slugging opponent like Pancho. But the Welshman had been offered about $75,000 and that was, and is a lot of money for a flyweight. Besides, Jimmy had a fighting heart and believed that a title should be lost as it was won—in the ring.

And lost it was! Any chance Wilde had of retaining it, went out when Villa crossed his right to Jimmy's unguarded jaw after the gong had signalized the end of the second round. The blow, although unintentional, sent the Welshman to the canvas from where he had to be dragged to his corner. Wilde never properly recovered from the punch, and in the next four rounds, Villa battered him so much that at the end of the sixth, referee Patsy Haley went to his corner and asked his seconds if he would throw up the sponge.

Their answer? Wilde answered for them.

"I will keep going till I go out," he said. And in the next round when he did go out, he went out like a champion should—facing his opponent. And so impressed were the spectators with the courage of the "Best Ever" of the flyweights, that not one of them left his or her seat until Wilde had been sufficiently revived to leave the ring.

* * *

A FAVORITE pastime of papas and grandpapas is to argue that the fighters of the past had it on the lads of to-day. Maybe they're right as far as speed, skill, punch or toughness is concerned. And maybe they're wrong! If they can argue well enough to prove their contention, well good luck to them.

But when it comes to courage, the (*Continued on page* 35)

K. NAGANA, Boxer,

THE honorable firm of K. Nagana and T. Tsuda, doing business at a concession in Venice, Los Angeles' Coney Island, held a meeting in the rear of their shack, where they slept and lived. They pronounced the financial and industrial situation "mighty poorly, yes, sir."

It seemed as if the whole world had gone topsy-turvy. From their honorable friend, Y. Hishihara, there came disturbing news from Nara, where he had some sort of position at the shrine. The yen was dropping in Japan, and business was flopping in Venice, the honorable Americans not having so much dough to spend on the shoot-the-chutes and the various games which tried to lure the nimble dime from the now too wary customer.

"It is time to turn to something else," said K. Nagana. "In the language of the country in which we now suffer, we have between us two bucks. These are the takings of last night. That, Mr. Tsuda, was Sunday night, when we are supposed to clean up, as they say here. Now we face entire week waiting for new Sunday—to clean up. It is the opinion of my own infinitesimal self that we should quit this business and strike out for something new."

T. Tsuda listened very seriously. T. Tsuda was a very serious man. But suddenly his brown face broke into a smile. "I have it, Mr. Nagana. We will go to the nearby oil field, discover a well which flows with oil, and sit back as we get rich for life."

K. Nagana was disturbed by this demonstration of levity on the part of his co-sufferer. "Mr. Tsuda, it is not matter for laughing, as we have between us two bucks. We must put two heads together, for does it not say in the book of the good Budd, 'He who calls in his neighbor to confer in time of trouble is indeed the wise man'? I will think all day and you will devote complete attention also to processes of making mind work on question of new business. Old business, as they say in this strange land, is the bunk."

The very serious T. Tsuda broke into another smile. "Your idea does not strike this thick-headed friend as a good one, Mr. Nagana. I have read in American book that when perplexed, seek recreation, and afterwards make mind work faster. I say, Mr. Nagana, in the language of this strange country, to hell with concession to-day, as it is Monday and American folks like sleep late for to get rid of hangover, and get to bed early to-night so they can stay up late with gin all week.

"I say, Mr. Nagana, let you and I go to the Olympic stadium and watch our honorable Japanese swimmers show the Americans how it is done. I would like to cheer for honorable Japanese schoolboys who come here and astonish Americans with prowess in water, which reminds me, as it says in the good book of Budd, 'He who swims alone is indeed all wet, but he who can swim faster than his neighbor—yea, faster than a mackerel—he shall get a medal from his city.' What do you say, Mr. Nagana?"

* * *

THEY sat in the big swimming stadium at the Olympic competitions in Los Angeles. Japanese swimmers darted hither and yon, up and down that tank like a lot of little tadpoles, and about as elusive. The Americans chased them, and in vain. Of course, some of the Americans won. But it was surprising how many Japanese youngsters made a show of their Yankee competitors.

K. Nagana forgot all about how business at Venice was "mighty poorly, yes, sir." K. Nagana saw Japanese swimmer beat American swimmer, and K. Nagana was an intensely patriotic Japanese.

T. Tsuda also forgot things commercial and the crass affairs of the concession, and time after time he broke his customary timidity in public and shouted "Banzai, Nippon!" Of course, in a very polite and genteel way. "When in the land of the stranger it is not well to shout too loudly over victory unless you outnumber the strangers," T. Tsuda recollected. Of course, this was a quotation from Mi Ti Po, the Chinese philosopher. Quotations from the Chinese were fine and dandy just so long as they were mental, rather than vocal.

They watched the swimming events for a couple of hours, and then they chugged off in their little wheezy flivver—back to the rear of the concession shack in Venice, back among the hot dog and hamburger smells and the shouts of the barkers.

"I have big idea, which I formulate in my poor mind all night, and when morning comes I will entrust it to you," said T. Tsuda. "Now I go to my couch."

* * *

THEY lingered over their rice the next morning. "How do our honorable schoolboys manage to beat the great American swimmers?" asked T. Tsuda. "You read in the Mainichi that our wise Japanese government officials get many motion pictures of American swimmers. They show these on screen all over Japan, and ask our wise and agile Nippon swimmers to imitate every motion, every stroke of the Americans.

"This goes on for a year, two years, and our Japanese athletes not only master American and Australian stroke, but invent new stroke which carries them through water faster and faster. It is the wonderful Nippon genius. Was it not the great Budd who said, 'If you would hoot, listen to the owl. If you would warble, hark to the nightingale'?

"Now, Mr. Nagana, sports in this country pay very well. Only the other day I read in Los Angeles paper how American fighter from New York who makes contest in Los Angeles gets $2000 for ten minutes' labor, such as that is.

"Now, Mr. Nagana. Follow me very closely. If Japanese schoolboy can master trick of swimming faster than anybody else by watching motion picture, what is to prevent K. Nagana, agile athlete in his college days at Waseda, from learning intricacies of boxing and fighting by studying films?

"We get pictures of greatest fighters and you study them, and then we get big contest in Los Angeles which will make us rich. I, T. Tsuda, will be the honorable manager."

K. Nagana looked his partner over. "I, K. Nagana, would like to be manager, with college training at Waseda, and you, who weigh about four pounds more than me, should be the fighter. Besides, it is your idea and you know all about how it should be done."

T. Tsuda's brown phizz assumed a very pained expression. "That is the reward for a quick brain," he moaned. "I show you the way to riches, and you complain about a mere trifle of work. Did not the Shoguns say, 'The wise man is the general, and with his brain he fights even more adroitly than the soldier with the sword'?"

K. Nagana said, "To hell with Shoguns, but who is to get me new nose if American fighter busts it?"

T. Tsuda looked more pained than ever. "Did not you see the Japanese swimmers? Did not they make up their minds to win, and did not they win?"

K. Nagana surrendered. Then they went back to the Olympic swimming stadium to get another load of courage for their undertaking.

* * *

T. TSUDA wrote to a friend in New York: "Send me three films, at discreet cost in dollars, as we have something in mind of vast importance. It is your patriotic duty

Gets *Wrong* Films

Japanese Learns Fighting from Motion Pictures and Discovers Why Belts Are Worn

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

for Nippon to see that we get these pictures. They are not for public exhibition. We merely wish to study them."

And so it came to pass that two weeks later the firm of K. Nagana and T. Tsuda received three reels of fight film, in none too good shape, at a cost of $33.26.

"It is outrageous cost, Mr. Tsuda," said Mr. Nagana.

"Yes, the price is high," Mr. Tsuda agreed. "But did not Budd say, 'The price of experience at times is costly, but the wheat comes not without the sowing. A stomach ache from the green apple is the price of future caution.' It is good investment."

In one of the byways in Los Angeles they had a Filipino friend who ran a motion picture honkey tonk. Night after night, after the little crowds had filed out, K. Nagana and T. Tsuda studied the three reels of films. Patiently their Filipino pal ran them off, time after time, for one dollar the night.

During the day K. Nagana performed for T. Tsuda, showing him what he had learned. For weeks this went on. K. Nagana really mastered quite a bit about boxing. His style was a composite of the six fighters who were shown in the three reels.

Soon K. Nagana announced that he was quite ready. He had watched a few bouts at the Olympia in Los Angeles, and T. Tsuda agreed with him that K. Nagana was a much superior fighter to many of the American lads who were featured in the weekly show at the big club.

* * *

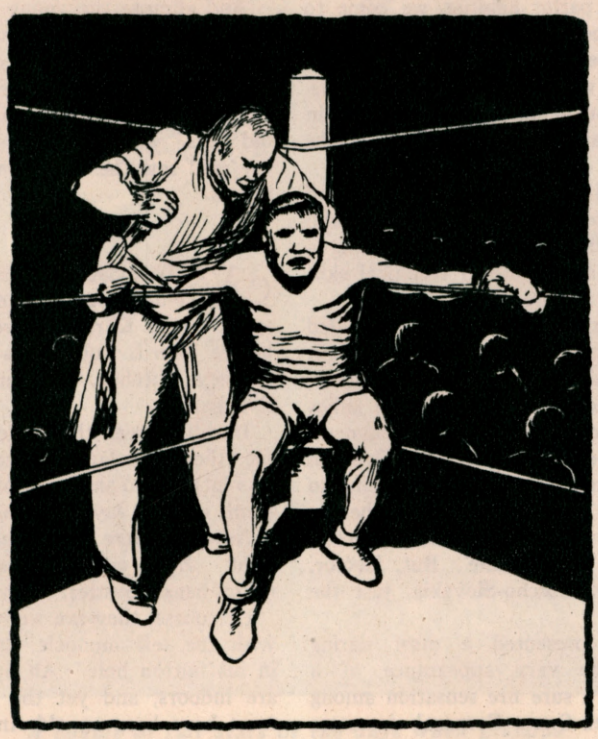
TWO weeks later T. Tsuda burst into their quarters with a broad smile on his face. "It is settled. We are on the way to riches. Mr. Doyle has agreed to give you big contest. What's more, you fight Ching Foo, the Chinese boy who comes in Honolulu with reputation as hitter and boxer. We get two hundred dollars, American money. Did not the Shoguns say, 'He who socks a Chinese does a noble duty for Nippon'? We will catch two fish with one cormorant."

The matchmaker at the Olympia insisted on sending an American trainer to prepare K. Nagana for the fight. The club official had seen Nagana work and had expressed great surprise at the skill of the 123-pounder from Tokio.

T. Tsuda demurred over the offer to put Nagana under American tutelage. "Did not you see Japanese swimmers, without American teacher? We have plan to do same in boxing. Please do not insist. We take care of this ourselves—we, K. Nagana and T. Tsuda. Merely prepare the two hundred dollars, American money, and ask relatives of Chinese boy to pick nice burial ground for him among honorable ancestors in China, as Ching Foo is about to join them in long and sweet slumber."

The matchmaker laughed. His assistant said, "Jack, let them run their own show. I have a hunch there is something in what this here now Tsuda guy says. They sure made a great showing in the Olympics after watching motion pictures. Give these birds a chance. Anyway, the fight ought to go over big with the Hollywood crowd—a Jap and a Chinese."

"Okeh," chuckled the matchmaker. "I guess you're right. Let them alone."



Ching Foo, awaiting the sound of the gong

WELL, it was a great night at the Olympia. All Hollywood was there—male and female film stars, film executives. The fight had received remarkable ballyhoo. One of the newspapermen had wheedled the story of Nagana's conversion into a fighter, and his method of learning the game, out of T. Tsuda, and in the wake of the Japanese triumphs in the Olympic swimming competitions, this yarn got a great play. Even the news reels went for K. Nagana.

Ching Foo, half Chinese and half Kanaka, from Honolulu, was a fair to middling bantamweight who had won a couple of fights in Los Angeles on decisions. Had he been all white he would have merited no more consideration than a hundred preliminary boys who hung around Los Angeles, begging for work. But the Chinese angle made Ching Foo a draw.

The first round was rather tame. You see, Foo wasn't so sure of himself. As for Nagana, he had been studying films of heavyweight fights, and you know how those birds fiddle through the first round, feeling each other out. Nagana duplicated the tactics of his screen heroes right to a T.

In the second session Ching got a little gay and K. Nagana caught him with a left to the pit of the stomach. This stopped Ching. As for K. Nagana, he still was imitating those heavies. He was saving himself for a grand rush.

IN the third round K. Nagana started a rally. He let a left go from the floor and caught Ching right in the groin. Ching made a grimace. The referee looked sharply at Nagana. Coming in close, the Japanese cut loose with a right under the belt, and again Ching squawked.

"The miserable son of Shanghai does not like the pain," T. Tsuda told his partner between rounds. "Remember the lessons of the films. You are going to win, and the next fight will cost the honorable Americans a lot more money as the crowd, Mr. Nagana, measures at least six thousand, and it is my impression that we have sold ourselves too cheaply."

You see, Mr. Tsuda was learning the ways of the American manager very fast.

The fourth round was slow for a minute or so. Then Nagana let Ching have a left under the belt. It was a light blow. Mr. Tsuda shouted. Mr. Nagana started another left from the canvas and caught Ching in the intestinal region. Down went the honorable Ching. "A dirty foul," shouted Skeets Slaven, the Chinese lad's handler.

Much as he hated to stop the fun, Jack Leverey, the referee, had to agree that Ching had been fouled. (*Continued on page* 35)

WHEN GRANDPA

See the ladies feel of Sandow the Great's muscles. They don't seem to think he is real

IN our wanderings through the "good old days" when grandpa was a young blood, horse cars flatwheeled through the streets of New York and the glittering Police Gazette was the palladium of the sports and the pabulum of the tonsorial parlor habitue, we come to the influence of the fair sex on sport of the era when women wore bustles and mutton chop sleeves.

Of course, in those days women were not permitted at fights. That is, they were barred from public bouts if they came in women's garb. But many of the fair fans invaded boxing clubs dressed as men.

They were not, however, barred from training quarters and the dressing rooms of fighters, wrestlers and strong men who made the circuit of the big and little cities, demonstrating a terrible species of dramatic effort and whatever technical skill they happened to possess in their featured sports.

Let us glimpse the accompanying drawings, which are culled from the Police Gazette of the glamourous days of its history. First we come to the picture showing the great Sandow, Strong Man, who is being examined by a trio of Boston ladies who seem to be highly interested in his muscular development.

Let us examine this interesting drawing in detail. Over on the extreme left is one of the Sandow troupe. She seems to have a sneer on her athletic phiz. She sits there with the national colors of Czech-Slovakia for a belt. Yes, Hector, Czecho-Slovakia was not a nation at the time. But, Hector, those apparently are the colors of Czecho-Slovakia, just the same.

The lady athlete must have presented a most daring picture in those days, when the very appearance of a woman's ankle in a horse car was a sure fire sensation among the male dandies of the period when Sweet Corporal cigarettes were the biggest sellers, and a woman who smoked was regarded with suspicion as to her moral standards.

THE central figure of the drawing is none other than Sandow, in a daring one piece bathing suit. His neck is cut V-shape, his mustache is clipped adroitly, according to the mode, his muscles bulge like the belly of a poisoned pup.

See the Boston dame to his left! She has a bobbed hair cut. Her waist has that fashionable wasp-like slimness of the period. Her sleeves are in the height of fashion. She is giving Sandow the Great's biceps the once over, very gingerly.

Just as if she thought they were balloons and would explode without warning. Mr. Sandow, bless his heart, seems very tolerant. And we still insist that athletic lady at the extreme left is sneering.

On the far right is a dame with glasses, viewing Sandow from afar. She lives in Boston, but she seems to be from Missouri. Maybe she is an unwilling chaperone. Perhaps she is sore because Sandow is facing the dame on the left.

And glimpse the young woman sitting. She is nipping Sandow on the leg. She seems to be eager to find out if it is a real human leg, or if it is clear Havana filler. The great Sandow submits to the nipping without winching, for he is a wonderful athlete, with great stamina. And all this is in the "good old days," when Grandpa sat in the pit at Miner's on the Bowery, and saw the dames in tights cavort like a lot of brewery horses.

* * *

NOW, m'lads, we pass to the Number Two exhibit in this old-fashioned demonstration of woman's place in sport. Jake Kilrain, a great heavyweight who was champion before John L. Sullivan, is training for some sort of bout, with Charley Mitchell, the Englishman, as his trainer and sparring partner.

It will be seen that Jake is sparing Charley not at all. You see, there are ladies present and it may be that even Jake was inclined to show off. Mitchell's face bears a look of amazement, as if to say, "Wotinell!"

Anyway, there are ladies, three of them. See them on the right. Both sitting, dressed fashionably and quietly, with funny bangs, bustles, dinky hats and looks of amusement.

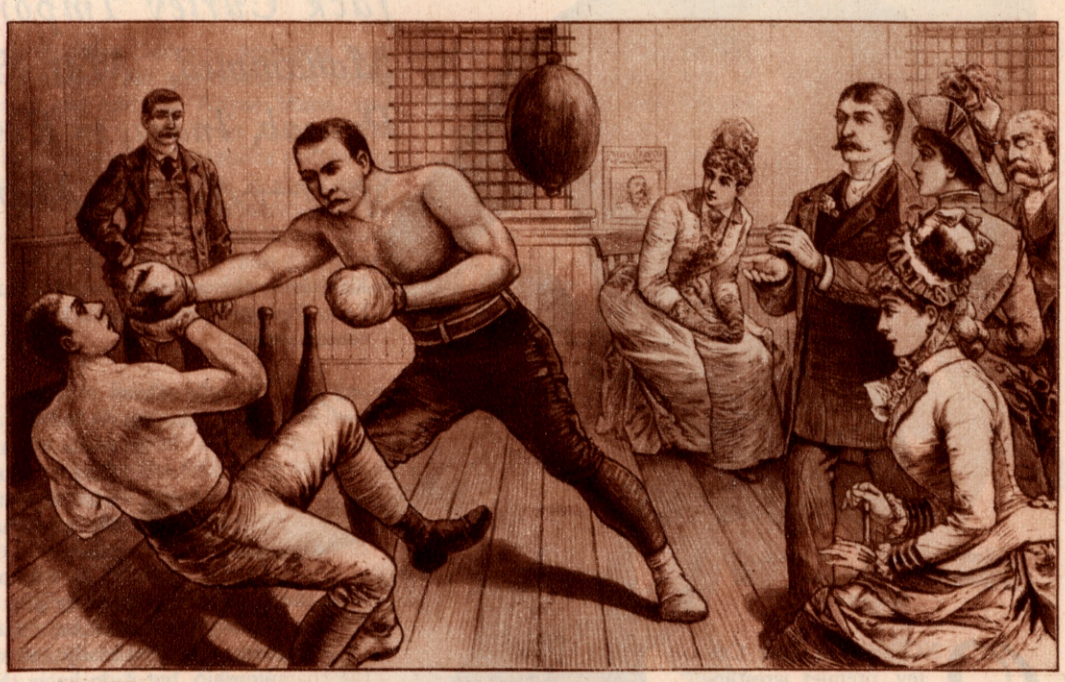
Of course, they are well chaperoned. Glimpse the old bloke with the left monocle, and the younger guy with the rose in his button hole. Ah, it is the season of the roses. They are indoors, and yet the younger guy wears a topcoat. It must have been an old American custom of the day, to wear a topcoat indoors in June. He also is wearing gloves. The ladies are gloved. The fighters are gloved. Looks like an ad

WAS A KID

By Olin Davis

for gloves, doesn't it?

There is an old-fashioned punching bag, and it hangs from a rope that might have been used in a hanging, or for one of those ancient fire-escapes they had in that era in all hotel rooms. All you had to do in a fire was to grab the rope that was coiled on a shelf near the window. You tied the rope around your middle and, without further ado, jumped out of the window. Of course, sometimes the rope broke. Most often the self-rescuing adventurer fell down and broke his neck. But the fire rules thus were lived up to. Sometimes the customer, especially during one of those panics, had no dough to pay the landlord and used the fire-escape rope to hang himself, thus cheating the hotel man out of his fare. These things were distressing.



The thrilled fair ones see Jake Kilrain muss up Charley Mitchell in a training bout. Is Charley's face red!

* * *

HOWEVER, we have moved away from our pet subject, The Ladies, Lor' bless 'em!

The third drawing will be quite familiar to grandpa. On the left is Ada Dare, beautiful, blonde, burlesque lady, gazing upon a glass which may have contained champagne, or hard cider. On the right is Mademoiselle Ani, a lithesome, daring trapeze artist.

Gaze upon the strange physical contours of Ada. Her hips bulge out like the tonneau of a ten-ton truck. Her waist is as slim as a mastiff's neck. Her smile is beguiling, Ah, grandpa, for the good old days!

The other dame is ready to ride the trapeze in death defying acts. She holds the bar with her trusty right. She holds her left on her physique, her dainty left leg placed forward, while the

A couple of fair stars of the days when grandpa sat in the pit and horse cars ran in New York.

house no doubt sits enraptured and thrilled. The ladies, Lor' bless 'em!

According to Sam Austin, veteran editor of the Police Gazette who is now one of the most efficient of the New York State boxing judges, after Rickard K. Fox, had seen Miss Ani perform at a circus, he ordered that a book be written on "Physical Culture for Women." He was so amazed by the form displayed by this dainty trapeze worker that he decided it would be a worth while venture to organize a woman's department in the Police Gazette and preach physical development for the "weaker sex." When the Police Gazette Library recently was purchased by Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, among the unfiinished manuscripts in that collection, was this book. The rough copy contains heaps of pictures of beautiful women of forty years ago, some shown punching the bag, others lifting weights, others as acrobats, etc., but for some unknown reason, Mr. Fox decided not to publish the book.

New Blood

Jack Curley Imports Tiger Ali Mohammed, Mat Sensation from Punjab, India, to Revive Interest in Sport—Another Munn in Spotlight

Glen Munn, Nebraska collegian, brother of Wayne

Mike Mazurki, of Poland, another newcomer

ONCE a year Jack Curley, premier wrestling promoter, gets a penchant to import an outstanding grappler. While in most cases the foreigner is the European champion, Curley is as much interested in the showmanship of the mat gladiator as he is in the physical wrestling conformation of the artist.

No corner of the globe escapes Curley's attention. In this respect he is better fortified than the two major league baseball clubs which retain paid scouts as well as would-be scouts ever on the lookout for new players. Curley's biggest advertisement is the European grappler who returns to his native heath after a tour of the mat ring in this country.

Ever since the days of George Hackenschmidt, who twice failed to annex the world's title from the late Frank Gotch, Curley has added a "scout" a year to his staff abroad. Hackenschmidt is living a life of ease on the Riviera and corresponds regularly with Curley. It was the great "Hack" who sent Ivan Poddubny to Curley several years ago.

The latter was the first of the colorful Europeans to invade these shores. Not that Hackenschmidt lacked "color," but whereas the great "Hack" leaned more to the scientific side of the sport, Poddubny, in addition to his massive physique, possessed a ferociousness that seemed real in view of his primitive mode of living.

Poddubny was ignorant as to the conventional styles of living and dressing. For instance, water to drink and wash with was all the same to him whether it ran from a shower, pump or drained from a well. At a mountainous or outlying training camp Poddubny would arise from his night's sleep and trek to a stream or draw a bucket of water from the well for his morning toilet instead of using the house water.

Following Poddubny came Alexander Gargawienko, a bigfooted Russian; Ferenc Holuban the thick neck; Sergei Kalmikoff, the tattoo-breasted, bearded sensation of Siberia; Leon Pinetzki, 6-foot-8-inch Polish giant, and Fritz Kley, the contortionist.

* * *

ALL of the above supplied color to wrestling which aided in the big revival of last year. Who will be this season's sensation? That question was fired at Curley who is preparing for what he thinks will be the biggest year the sport has ever known, and he replied:

"I cannot tell at this early date what the fates have in store for Jim Londos, "Strangler" Lewis, Richard Shikat, Hans Steinke, Sammy Stein, Kola Kwariani, Frank Speers, Earl McCready and other leading contenders to the championship, but I do know the fans will be in for some hectic doings with Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg and others gunning that Jim Londos must defend or default.

"No one realizes more than I do that the public demands new faces and fresh competition and I owe whatever success I have attained as a promoter to the support of the fans. Of course, I have a new foreign importation to spring, but I cannot go into ecstacies over him until he has proven his worth. If he lives up to only one-half of the glowing reports that preceded his arrival in this country, the wrestling public is in for a rare treat.

"The wrestler is Tiger Ali Mohammed, whom I have had my eyes on ever since he supplanted the great Gama in India. He has everything a successful wrestler should possess. That he is greater than his Indian predecessors is evident by the fact that he is more adept at the catch-as-catch-can style than the Graeco-Roman style in vogue on the Continent."

Tiger Ali Mohammed is physically qualified to cope with the top notchers. He was sent to Curley by his Rajah in Punjab with specific instructions to secure a match for the world's championship. It will be remembered that a Rajah prizes his wrestlers as an American sportsman does a palatial yacht or thoroughbred race horse. Tiger Ali already has vindicated the judgment of his backer in India and in his acclimation workouts here looms up not only as a serious threat for championship honors but a menace to anyone who gets into his path.

He weighs 226 pounds, stands 6 feet 1 inch and really does not know his own strength. He is facing a difficult problem in securing grappling-partners in the gymnasium as he doesn't know the meaning of impunity and grappling-mates are not in abundance even at $10 and $20 per day with no guarantee against broken bones.

* * *

TIGER ALI is as quick as the black cats that infest the wooded lands of his native habitat and is as slick as the famous charmers of India. This speed mixed with the killer instinct, is sure to make him an outstanding figure when the indoor sport is resumed at the 71st Regiment Armory and Madison Square Garden this Fall.

in Wrestling

By ALEX SULLIVAN

Tiger Ali is not the only grappler Curley is depending upon to supply new blood to the game. The mat maestro is tuning up Glenn Munn, brother of the late Big Wayne Munn, who held the championship for a time a few years back. Munn was brought up in the Nebraska school of grappling and, having had a successful course in the amateur division, is about ready for the big time circuit. He will be a welcome addition to the ranks, as such grapplers as Ray Steele, Jim McMillen, Rudy Dusek, Tom Draak, and Joe Stecher have had their fling at the title several times and the fans are tired of seeing them in their fifth and sixth attempts to win the championship.

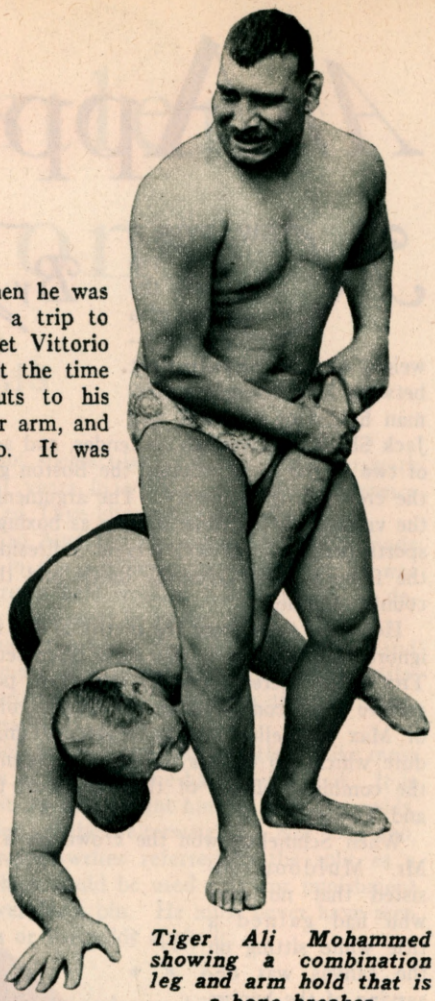
* * *

GLEN has arranged to wrestle for the Jack Curley forces, just as did his late brother, Wayne, who won the world's heavyweight crown from Ed "Strangler" Lewis, who is stil' around trying to capture the title for the fifth time. Wayne, who stood six feet six inches, just as does his brother Glen, died in Houston a year ago last January.

The Munn family consisted of five children, a girl and four boys, all born on a farm at Fairbury, Neb. All the children were giants, Wayne being the tallest, six-foot three inches. At one time he was rated among the leading heavyweight boxing contenders. All children went to the University of Nebraska where they won the greatest athletic honors ever won by any family. Each received a gold medal for having won letters in three or more major sports. It is said that the five Miller Brothers, who went to Notre Dame, came nearest to equalling the record of the Munns.

According to Glen, the latest to seek wrestling honors, his sister Elizabeth, who recently graduated from the state college in Idaho, has the brains of the family. She captured high scholarship honors and this fall plans to study medicine in Portland, Ore.

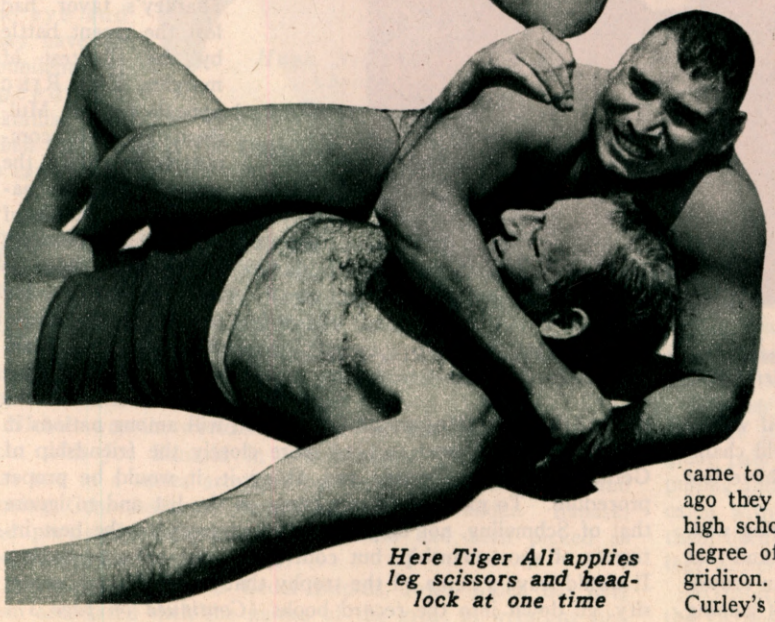
It will be remembered that Monte, who later was a state legislator in Nebraska, was quite a man, pugilistically speaking. When he was going good, he took a trip to Buenos Aires and met Vittorio Campolo, who had at the time a string of knockouts to his credit as long as your arm, and put Vittorio to sleep. It was later that "Campie" came to this country and gave the Madison Square Garden officials, Humbert J. Fugazy and many others plenty of headaches.



Tiger Ali Mohammed showing a combination leg and arm hold that is a bone breaker

Tiger Ali practicing an arm-breaking hold on Benny Ginsburg

Although his brother Wade, also a giant, was some pumpkins on both gridiron and basketball court, he wouldn't turn pro upon his graduation. He now is a bank examiner in Nebraska. Monte, who vowed that if he didn't reach the top of the ladder in three years, he'd quit, is now in the coal business in Indianapolis.



Here Tiger Ali applies leg scissors and headlock at one time

* * *

MIKE MAZURKI is another who will be presented for fall and winter exhibitions and he may be a strong stumbling block in the paths of Messrs. Tiger Ali Mohammed and Munn. Mazurki will appeal to the Polish element and if he lives up to his amateur record, will be a strong magnet at the box office. He will attract particularly the following that once admired the Zbyszko brothers, Stanislaus and Wladek.

Mazurki was born in Ukrania, now a part of Poland, in 1911. Two years later, just before the outbreak of the war, his family (he was an only child), came to this country and settled in Cohoes, N. Y. Six years ago they came to New York City and after graduating from high school he entered Manhattan College, where he earned a degree of Bachelor of Arts, as well as national fame on the gridiron. Tiger Ali, Munn and Mazurki is a trio that forms Curley's nucleus for a strong array of new mat artists.

An Appeal for Schmeling

By Nat Fleischer

NEW YORK was recently the scene of a heavyweight championship fight between Max Schmeling, German holder of the title, and Jack Sharkey, American contender, and according to the votes of two of the three officials, the Boston gob had brought back the crown to this country. The argument as to the justice of the verdict will continue so long as boxing is part of the world sports program. It will remain a fireside topic just as have the famous Firpo-Dempsey battle and the Tunney "fourteen count" episodes.

However, aside from the merits of the decision, which I will ignore here because it was fully discussed in the last issue of THE RING, there is another important point that should now receive some consideration. It is that of inscribing the name of Max Schmeling on the Muldoon-Tunney trophy, a procedure which, up to this writing, has been denied him through the combined efforts of the donors of the trophy, Muldoon and Tunney.

When Schmeling won the crown on a foul two years ago, Mr. Muldoon insisted that no man who had gained a title while sitting on the canvas was deserving of the honors accorded those whose names were listed on the beautiful statue that stands in the lobby of Madison Square Garden. He vetoed a movement sponsored by other members of the committee and, with the aid of Tunney, succeeded in keeping Herr Max's name off.

* * *

BUT now things have changed. Mr. Muldoon and Mr. Tunney admit that the championship, according to the rules which prevail in this state where the battle was fought, is the property of Jack Sharkey. They admit also that the Boston gob won it by being declared the winner over the Teuton Schlager. That being the case, they must also admit if we are to reason logically, that unless Schmeling was the world champion when he fought Sharkey, he could not possibly have lost the title to the American.

Mr. Muldoon insists that Schmeling went into the ring with Sharkey, the holder of only the German championship and that Sharkey faced his opponent, the holder of the American crown, and therefore each toed the scratch for the privilege of gaining the world title which neither at the time possessed. Of course, Mr. Muldoon is entitled to his opinion, but in view of the fact that a survey made by me shows that five of the seven members of the Muldoon-Tunney Committee were of the opinion that Schmeling was the world champion when he fought Sharkey the second time and that he had won the crown in their first meeting, and that every boxing organization in the world, excepting the New York Commission, had so recognized the German, it seems strange that Mr. Muldoon should persist in his stand against Max.

When THE RING awarded Schmeling an eleven-panel silver belt after his first fight with Sharkey, the decision to make the award was reached only after a message had been sent to the boxing commissions of each state in this country, the British Board of Boxing Control, the French and Italian Federations and eighty of the leading sports writers of the world, asking for their opinion. Of the total, all commissions and seventy-two writers accepted Schmeling as champion, and in conformity with that ruling THE RING award was made.

With that in mind, I think it unjust for the Muldoon-Tunney Committee to accept the name of Sharkey for inscription on the trophy and to drop that of Schmeling. Perhaps had Schmeling been decisively whipped by the American, there might still be some excuse for leaving off Schmeling's name. But in view of the international controversy that has set the world of fisticuffs agog, and the fact that Schmeling, even by the widest stretch of points in Sharkey's favor, had lost the recent battle by the slightest of margins, THE RING appeals to Mr. Muldoon and his committee to pacify the peeved German nation and the horde of Schmeling followers by accepting Max as a world champion and inscribing his name, with that of his conqueror, on the trophy.

Jack Sharkey receiving silver belt from Nat Fleischer, Ring Editor, with his friend, Billy Taub, looking on

Such action on the part of the committee would foster good will among nations in sports. It would tend to bind more closely the friendship of Germany and this country and, above it, it would be proper procedure. To place Sharkey's name on the list and to ignore that of Schmeling, not only would be contrary to the best interests of sportsmanship, but contrary to the rules of boxing. It would leave a name off the trophy that must, through necessity, go down into the record books (*Continued on page 37*)

Not *All* Wrestlers Are Mastodons

By George Williams

EASTERN wrestling interest seems to be centered mostly around the heavyweights, the so-called pachyderms of the mat. But while they are popular in the West and South and Middle West, it is in Ohio that the lighter weights really come in for their share of the gate receipts, and no mean share it is.

Why is this? Well, let us go to the best authority and quote from actuality.

Scene: Arena—Two light-heavies, or welter or middle-weight wrestlers have just entered the ring. One fan turns to his friend, evidently a new addict.

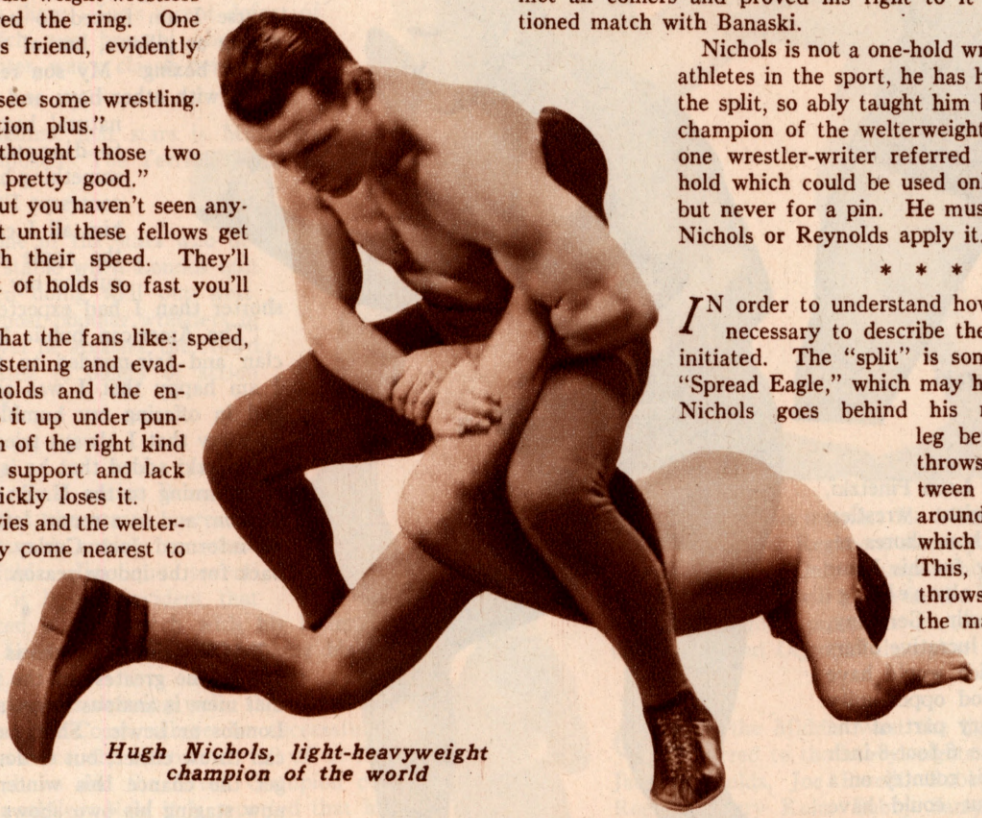
"Now you'll see some wrestling. This will be action plus."

Friend: "I thought those two big boys were pretty good."

Fan: "Yes, but you haven't seen anything yet. Wait until these fellows get going and watch their speed. They'll slide in and out of holds so fast you'll be astonished."

Yes, that is what the fans like: speed, cleverness in fastening and evading a raft of holds and the endurance to keep it up under punishment. Action of the right kind soon wins their support and lack of it just as quickly loses it.

The light-heavies and the welterweights probably come nearest to meeting these requirements. They possess physiques which please the eye and they have an abundance of speed and stamina, and when they show in the Ohio section, the arenas are crowded to capacity.



Hugh Nichols, light-heavyweight champion of the world

* * *

PROMINENT names among those who star in the lighter divisions are Hugh Nichols, Pinkie Gardner, Joe Banaski, Marion Mynster, Jack Reynolds, Robin Reed, Wildcat McCann, George Sauer and Bobby Sampson.

Nichols, Banaski, Mynster, Reynolds, Reed, McCann and Sampson hail from the West and Middle West. Gardner comes from Schenectady.

Nichols won the world's light heavyweight championship in a bout with Joe Banaski in Cincinnati in 1930. The match was one in a series arranged by the National Wrestling and Boxing Commission to determine the title holder. Banaski had previously defeated Gardner, who had been picked as the leading Eastern candidate.

Nichols' birthplace is Cedar Rapids, Iowa, which has long been associated with the names of the great in wrestling history. He began as an amateur and his rise to the top of the light-heavy pile was not spectacular. He was forced to work hard for a number of years in a field over which Clarence Ecklund ruled, with Ted Thye alternating occasionally.

Eventually he went to Australia and, upon his return, made such a good showing in the middleweight ranks that he was given a shot at the crown held by Gus Kallio, whom he defeated in three falls in Cincinnati in 1929.

Taking on weight, he returned to the light-heavy ranks, and upon the virtual retirement of Ecklund, Hugh claimed the title, met all comers and proved his right to it in the aforementioned match with Banaski.

Nichols is not a one-hold wrestler. Like most athletes in the sport, he has his pet hold. It is the split, so ably taught him by Jack Reynolds, champion of the welterweights. Not long ago, one wrestler-writer referred to the split as a hold which could be used only for punishment but never for a pin. He must never have seen Nichols or Reynolds apply it.

* * *

IN order to understand how he does it, it is necessary to describe the hold for the uninitiated. The "split" is sometimes called the "Spread Eagle," which may help to visualize it. Nichols goes behind his man, grasps one leg between both arms, throws his own leg between the crotch and around the other leg, which he then scissors. This, of course, usually throws his opponent to the mat if he is not already there.

For further description, take a couple of excerpts from reports of several bouts: "Nichols won the first fall in one hour, 21 min. and 25 sec. with a rear leg split." . . . "When Nichols finally obtained the leg stretch, he flopped Banaski around the ring until the latter was glad to end the agony he was suffering in being quietly counted out."

Again: "In getting the first fall with a leg split, Nichols flopped Banaski around the ring until the latter was so dazed he was glad to be counted out to end the agonizing hold."

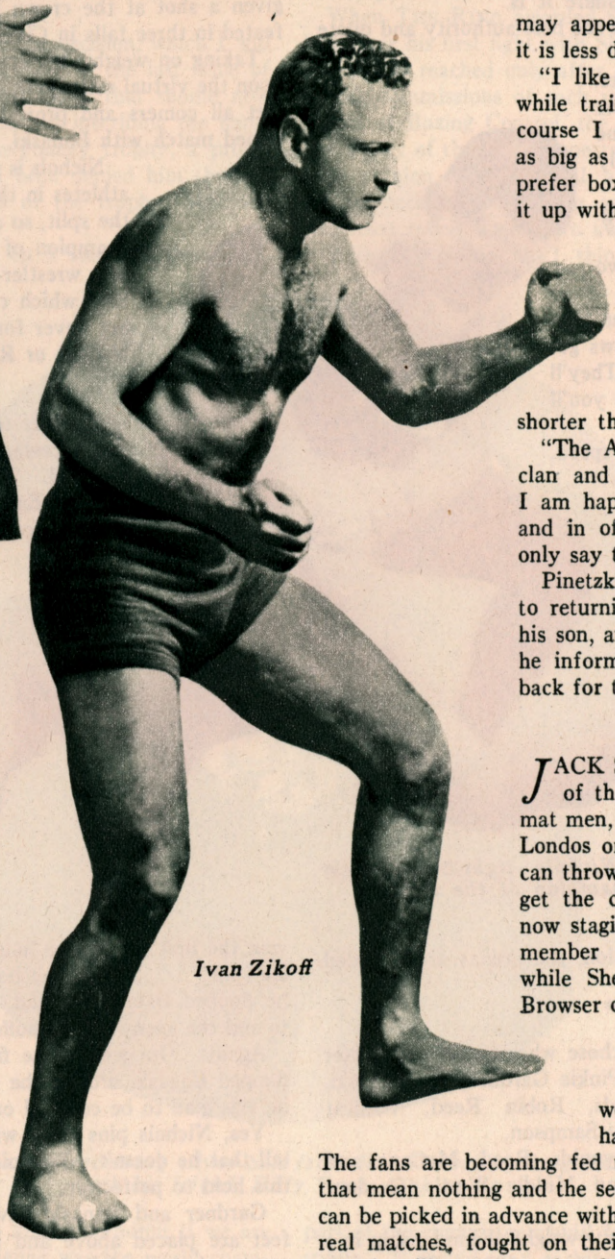
Yes, Nichols pins them with the split, and do not let them tell that he doesn't. Reynolds, the welter champion, also uses this hold to perfection.

Gardner and Banaski favor the armstretch, in which the feet are placed above and below the opponent's armpit and great pain caused by grasping the arm with both hands and pulling and twisting at the same time. With this hold, Banaski came within seconds of beating Nichols, and Gardner gave them both much trouble with it. In fact, from previous showings, either of these men may yet garner the title with it.

Mynster, if he favors any, prefers the crab hold, in which the victims feet are both grasped and pulled up over his back, which the applier of the hold (*Continued on page* 38)

CURRENT Attrac-

Leon Pinetzki



Ivan Zikoff

WHEN Leon Pinetzki, the giant wrestler, left these shores recently for his home on Schoneberg-Ebersstrasse in Berlin, Germany, he sacrificed many lucrative offers for mat bouts which would have afforded him a good opportunity to visit nearly every part of the United States. The 6-foot-8-inch mat star was in this country on a six-month stay, but could have had this extended if he so desired.

But he was homesick. He was eager to return home to Germany to see his son, who, he hopes, will some day be a boxing champion. The youngster is only twelve years old, but is a master boxer and wrestler for his age. He stands 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 130 pounds. He has nine more years to grow up to maturity, and his father thinks that when Harry is 21, he will be a full-fledged heavy who will bring fame to his Fatherland as has Max Schmeling.

"Harry will grow up to be a big man," his father said before sailing. "My brothers and sisters are all nearly as big as I am, but none of them ever went in for athletics. My son has a natural tendency to box and prefers the ring to the mat. I took up boxing before I became a wrestler and adopted the latter profession for my livelihood after fatally injuring two boxers. Wrestling may appear more brutal than boxing, but it is less dangerous.

"I like to box and do so a great deal while training for a wrestling match. Of course I am forced to use boxing gloves as big as pillows, but of the two sports I prefer boxing. My son relishes in mixing it up with other boys and appears to be a natural boxer. Who am I to discourage him from something he likes? On the contrary, I'm going to help him all I can, and as he is the apple of my eye, I'm cutting my stay in America shorter than I had expected.

"The American public is a sport-loving clan and fair-minded to the nth degree. I am happy that I was received so well, and in offering my humble thanks I can only say that I always tried my best."

Pinetzki added that he is looking foward to returning to the U. S. accompanied by his son, and in a recent letter from abroad he informed Jack Curley that he will be back for the indoor season.

* * *

JACK SHERRY, who is regarded as one of the greatest of the present crop of mat men, is anxious to get a crack at either Londos or Lewis. Sherry declares that he can throw either, but is doubtful if he will get the chance this winter, as Londos is now staging his own shows and Lewis is a member of the Curley-Mondt troupe, while Sherry is booked by the Herman-Browser combination.

* * *

Get this wrestling stuff! No wonder the sport is not drawing half so well as it did a year ago! The fans are becoming fed up with the so-called challengers that mean nothing and the set-up matches in which the winner can be picked in advance without any trouble. Let's have some real matches, fought on their merit, and you'll see how the crowds will come out for the sport of thrills.

* * *

Earl McCready, former football star and now one of the leading heavyweights in the country, has been kept quite active this summer. Earl has wrestled on the average of four bouts a week, and has displayed his wares to the satisfaction of his followers.

Wrestling tions

BY "TEX" AUSTIN

Even during the stifling hot days of the summer, Matros Kirilenko entered the ring wearing his famous leopard skin. Although Matros is a believer in superstition and dons the leopard skin for luck, he has been thrown frequently.

* * *

Out on the coast, the veteran scissors king, Joe Stecher, is still kept busy. He is one of the best drawing cards there. Joe's recent defeat of Nick Velcoff, which was brought about by a scissors in 19 minutes, was a classic performance.

* * *

One of the roughtest mat stars is Mustapha Pasha, who calls himself "The Terrible Turk."

* * *

Hans Steinke, one of the stars who deserted the Curley stable when Londos quit the fold, has been doing well out west. He is one of the most popular wrestlers in the sport. Whenever he appears, the crowd is sure to be treated to plenty of action and good wrestling.

* * *

Earl McCready

THERE is a report about Broadway that Jim Londos, the greatest wrestler of the present group, is anxious to return to the Curley fold. Jim quit several months ago when it became evident that he would be forced into a match with his bitter enemy, Strangler Lewis, and has been booking his own matches since.

For a time Londos was drawing well; then, after his appearance on the Coast, where he successfully defended his crown twice, the attendance fell off at the various wrestling shows and the Greek champion decided to rest for a while. Now it is reported that he realizes that unless he meets Lewis in New York he will be banned in the Empire State, in which he is a big attraction, and with the Pennsylvania Commission siding with New York in its stand in *re* such a match, Londos is becoming a little shaky. It is our prediction that Londos will be back in the fold ere the snow falls.

Why Jim should hesitate to meet the flabby Lewis, who has seen his best days, is a mystery. Those who follow wrestling are of the opinion that Londos would win when and how he pleased in such a contest.

* * *

Reports from California state that the Londos-Steele match was a classic. It was one of the best matches seen on the Coast. Jim's contest with Dick Daviscourt was also a thrilling one. Daviscourt put up a great battle and had the Greek Adonis in trouble several times.

* * *

Jack Curley plans to open the indoor season in New York the middle of this month. He will operate again at the Seventy-First Regiment Armory and in Madison Square Garden. Only championship or near-championship matches will go on in the Garden. Curley has several good prospects in tow, including the newly crowned Olympic champion heavyweight.

Harry Pinetzki

* * *

OUT in the Middle West the lighter fellows are preferred to the heavyweights. Hugh Nichols, Jack Reynolds, Joe Parelli, Bobby Roscoe, Jack Rogers, Henry Koln, Bobby Sampson and Bobby Bylund are among the leading figures.

* * *

Seattle boasts of a splendid grappler in Des Anderson. He is only a welterweight but knows the game. He recently gave Reynolds a tough tussle for the welter honors, but lost.

* * *

Bobby Sampson is the idol of the Californians. He also is a welterweight and is a master of wrestling technique.

* * *

Walter Browning of Canada, who was seen in action in the States last season, is now in Australia. He is very popular. After his recent victory on a foul over Tom Lurich of Russia, he declared that he would soon return to this country for a winter campaign. Lurich clipped Walter on the chin for a knockout in their (*Continued on page* 35)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Promoters Move to Place Ban on Charity Shows
Gastanaga, Basque Heavyweight, Great Prospect
Commissions Should Stand by Their Officials

EVERY now and then we pat ourselves on the back and take credit for the enactment of some rule that aids the sport of boxing.

On many occasions we have taken issue with the promotion of so-called charity shows that benefitted none but the avaricious manager and the promoter and remarked that the commissions in this country would do well to put a halt to the milking of the public by the unscrupulous element. Of all the cards staged in the past five years, about two percent other than Mrs. Hearst's Milk and Christmas Fund bouts yielded anything for charity and the only reason she was successful, was because of the splendid supervision by her representatives, Messrs. Damon Runyon, Bill Farnsworth and Ed Frayne.

In a recent editorial I outlined a plan whereby organizations would get a fair percentage in affairs staged for their benefit, and I urged that unless a definite percentage could be guaranteed, the commission should rule against the subterfuge and do away with all charity affairs other than Milk Fund and Christmas Fund shows.

I am happy to report that the New York Commission has adopted a plan I had outlined. At a recent meeting the Fistic Fathers ruled that in all charity shows 10% of the first $100,000 be set aside for the organization before any expenses are deducted and that where the gate reaches beyond the $100,000 figures, 15% be given to the charity fund.

* * *

AND now the squawks have begun. Where prior to the enactment of the new revenue bill at Washington, which places a tax on all tickets, every manager who had a champion or near-champion, was eager to have his man fight for "sweet charity." And only because with the removal of the government tax, the fighter and club sponsoring the affair would gross far more than were the tax added to a ticket of admission.

Now, however, things are changed. Not only is the tax compulsory but in New York, when a show is staged for charity, the fighters and the club under the new ruling will be compelled to yield up a nifty sum on a big gate, thereby cutting in deeply into the profits. For example, where heretofore a charity bill invariably enabled a fighter to obtain his percentage from the gross receipts less the state tax because the tickets were free of government tax, now the percentage would be rated on the receipts following the reduction of the state and government tax and the ten percent for charity.

It is easy to see therefore that there will be few charity shows in the future. The promoters and fighters will turn a deaf ear to the pleas and rightfully so, as they will be taking the chances of digging into their own pockets so that charity may be properly taken care of.

Personally, I think it will benefit the sport to do away with all charity affairs other than those THE RING has always supported—Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund and Christmas Fund bouts. As for the rest, they should go elsewhere than to boxing for their aid.

There is no reason why boxing should be asked to contribute every time an organization is in need of financial help. Why not baseball, football, the theatre or other branches of entertainment once in a while? The thing has been overdone and the new rule of the New York Commission, which I hope will be enacted by other commissions throughout the country, will do much to do away with the evil.

And THE RING takes credit for the first move in this direction.

* * *

THE New York boxing commission often has been criticized for making unpopular decisions, but two things can be said in its favor—it never has overruled a referee nor has a referee or judge ever been suspended because of public clamor following a weird verdict. I have in mind the action of the New Jersey State Commissioner, George E. Keenan, who "saw nothing wrong with the verdict of Referee Joe Mangold when he declared Stanley Poreda a victor over Primo Carnera," yet overnight changed his mind and suspended the referee pending "an official investigation on how he had reached the decision."

Strange, yet true!

On the night of the fight there were only two boxing critics, the referee and one newspaperman who saw Poreda "a winner," while about thirty other scribes and ninety-nine percent of the 10,000 persons who saw the bout, left the arena with the firm conviction that Carnera had easily triumphed. There was some reason for division of opinion in the recent Sharkey-Schmeling verdict, but there should have been none in the Carnera-Poreda contest.

Regardless of that, however, it is the opinion of those who have the best interests of boxing at heart that to overrule a referee is to strike at the very heart of the sport and therefore no matter how poor a decision, the verdict given in the ring should be upheld by the commission under whose jurisdiction the bout was staged.

There are other ways to punish officials who prove their incompetence, the best being to keep such men out of future bouts. But to suspend a referee because the fans and scribes have failed to agree with his judgment, is not conducive to the health of the sport.

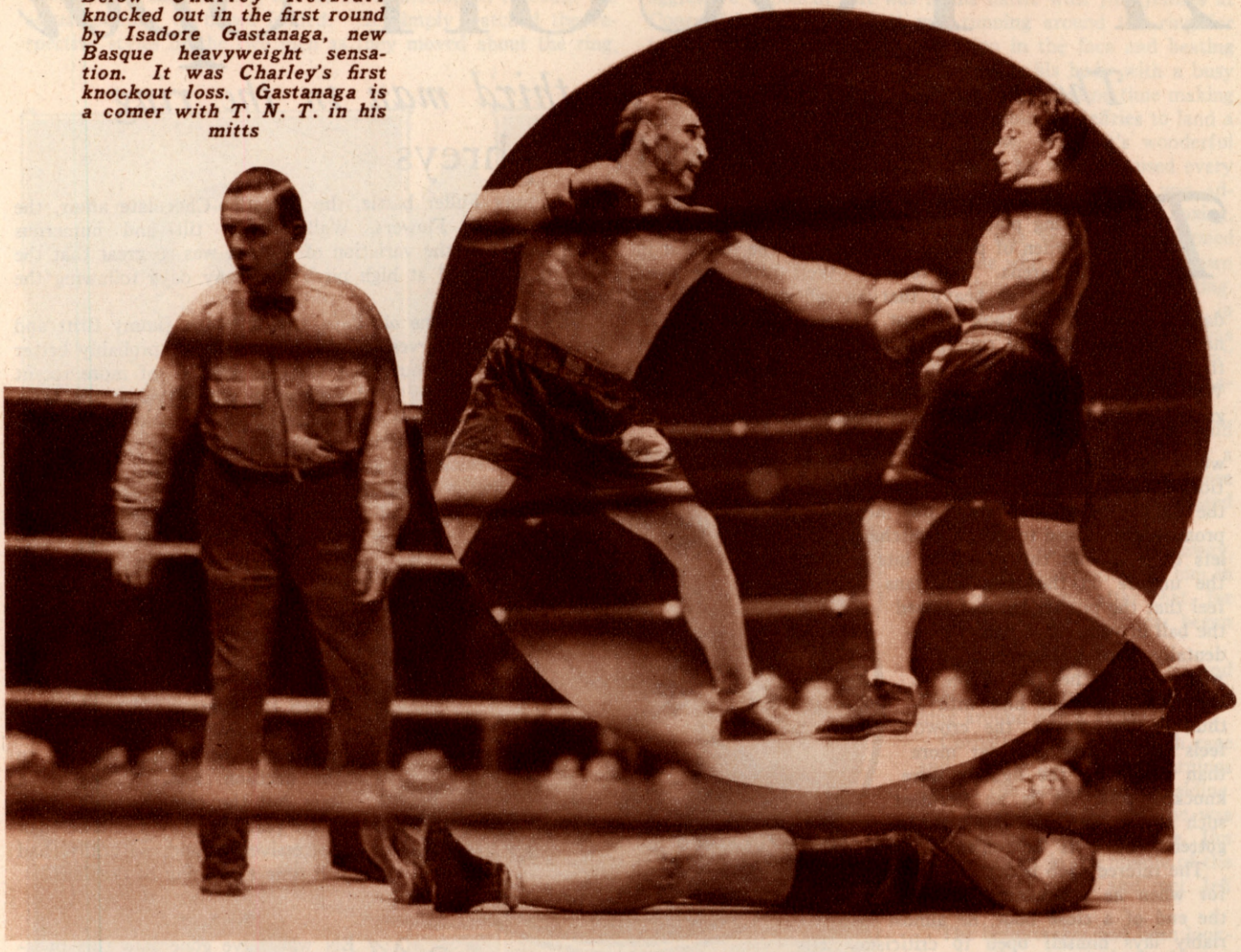
This is especially true in the case of Referee Mangold. That the decision he rendered, in my opinion, was wrong, does not alter the fact that he gave it as he saw it, and that he had penalized Carnera as he says, for fouling and roughing it. When State Commissioner Keenan was asked immediately following the fight what he thought of the verdict, he answered: "It was a good one. I think it O. K."

Yet the following morning, after his attention was called to the stories that appeared in the New York dailies to the effect that Carnera had not been treated fairly, Keenan reversed himself and ordered an investigation after suspending the referee. Such action indicates a weak backbone. It proves that the New Jersey Commissioner is ruled not by his own judgment but that of others.

It opens the field to a situation that could not exist in New York where the commission always stands by its officials, clamor or no clamor. That is as it should be and I hope,

Scene in the disputed bout between Primo Carnera and Stanley Poreda, held in New Jersey. Poreda was given the decision, although Carnera decisively outpointed him

Below—Charley Retzlaff knocked out in the first round by Isadore Gastanaga, new Basque heavyweight sensation. It was Charley's first knockout loss. Gastanaga is a comer with T. N. T. in his mitts



for the good of boxing in the Skeeter State, that Commissioner Keenan in the future, will not permit himself to be inveigled into such action as he took in the Mangold case.

* * *

SO far as Carnera is concerned, the loss of the decision will not injure his standing with the public. Those who saw him battle Poreda, were considerably impressed by the vast improvement the Venetian Gondolier displayed. When he made his first visit to the States he was pampered too much. He was given too many setups to make of him a fighting man. Under the new regime, with Bill Duffy at the helm, Primo is out on his own. He must prove his worth to gain lucrative bouts and he is convincing the public that he can mingle with the best of 'em and give a good account of himself.

The fight game needs Carnera, but only a fighting Carnera. The Carnera of the past must be a dead issue and from now on, if the Italian and his mentors are out for big money, they will heed the public demand and pit the giant only against the cream of the heavyweights.

Primo is ready for such opponents. The only thing he is still lacking is a wallop and it is possible that under the wings of Duffy and his staff, Carnera will soon learn how to throw the weight of his body behind his punches. Once he attains that knack, he will be one of the most dangerous of the present crop of heavies.

* * *

IT seems odd that Panama Al Brown, a New Yorker by adoption, does not show before the home boys once in a while. He is a good, classy performer whose appearance on a card is well worth while. Recognized in every state of the Union except New York and by all foreign countries as the bantam king, Al still finds it impossible to convince the Empire State fistic fathers that he is the legitimate bantam champion. His failure to fight in New York is due to this lack of recognition. New York maintaining that the class is minus a champion and to this Brown objects. We don't blame him. Al has done everything required to prove ownership of the title, and deserves a better break.

* * *

REPORTS from Australia tell the American public that the natives have fallen hook, line and sinker for Young Stribling. The scribes regard him one of the cleverest men ever seen in the Antipodes and some even compare him to the great Young Griffo and Bob Fitzsimmons. That Stribling is a mighty clever boxer there is no denying, but that he ranks among the greatest of modern heavyweights, is a horse of another color.

His dazzling speed against the aged has-been Jack Renault, and against the youthful Palmer, is what caught the eyes of the Australians. Stribling's acrobatic stunts, especially his clever rope skipping, attracted considerable attention. There is no doubt that in Australia, Stribling would be a champion and a hot favorite, but here in America, he is just another heavyweight.

* * *

CALL Argentina, which has adopted Isadore Gastanaga, the Basque heavyweight, is taking as much interest in the progress of this young Spaniard as (*Continued on page* 38)

A Tough Spot

The referee occupies it as third man in the ring

By Joe Humphreys

THE referee's job, in the days before the legalization of boxing placed upon the shoulders of three men the burden of picking a winner, was the toughest in a fight arena. The reason? Well, often the gambling was so heavy that an official's life was in danger every time he took his post. It required considerable nerve, an abundance of courage in the make-up of referees in those days, and that is why such notable officials as Charley White, George Siler, Tim Hurst and others of their period gained lasting fame in the history of the American ring.

In the inner circles of zero jobs of the sport world, especially in the period I have mentioned, those of the referee in boxing and the umpire in baseball stood out most prominently. Even to-day, if a pitcher lets loose a wild throw and it hits the umpire on the shin, the fans feel that the pitcher has not tossed the ball in vain. If a fighter accidentally trips a referee or if a wild swing catches the referee on the chin and drops him with a thud to the canvas, the crowd feels that it has seen far more than if one of the fighters were knocked cold. It is an accident such as this that will never be forgotten. Such is an official's life!

The referee's job is not an easy one, for when he pronounces a decision at the end of a close bout, he almost invariably lays himself open to criticism. His critics are oftentimes conscientious in their objection to his ruling. The referee's decision must be based upon points which he must tabulate mentally throughout the fight.

Charley White, one of New York's best known and most proficient boxing referees

Points, for the most part, are not material things. To be sure, the matter of blows landed is a great factor, but the matter of cleverness, of agility, of dodging and ducking, of speed and many other factors have to be seriously considered.

Some ring followers have come to regard a point as a blow squarely landed. To them it seems odd that a man who is fighting all the time by forcing matters in every round, and by trying repeatedly to knock his opponent's head off with heavy swings, should be declared a beaten man at the end of a fifteen-round bout because his rival, although apparently on the defensive all the time, has succeeded in landing the greater number of jabs and counters.

* * *

MANY fights of the past, when one official rendered the decision, were fought over and over again by the fans because the contests were close and the merits of the decisions were questioned. But the modern method of having a referee and two judges decide has not done away with these arguments. How often have you sat in the Madison Square Garden arena or elsewhere and judged a fight one way, only to find that the official verdict was contrary to your judgment and you then used up all your pent-up energy to tell the officials what you thought of them?

There was the fight between Fidel La Barba and Kid Chocolate, that between Chocolate and Al Singer, the Kid Berg and Sammy Fuller battle, the Battalino-Chocolate affair, the McTigue-Tiger Flowers, Walker-Shade tilt and numerous others in which the variation of opinion was so great that the interest continued at high pitch for many days following the affairs.

One contest in the old days, that between Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson, serves to bring out my point probably better than most of the bouts that I might refer to of more recent times. Nelson was coming along in great style at the time. He was boring in, swinging heavily, using his rough-house tactics with high efficiency and was as strong as a bull at the wind-up.

But Britt, with superior science, kept out of harm's way and succeeded in landing a greater number of clean blows. The referee figured that Britt's science had offset Nelson's rushes and swings, and when he rendered the verdict there was an awful howl from Nelson and his adherents. They contended that the Battler had been the aggressor, had done all the work, had virtually made the fight, and hence was entitled to the decision, and at least to a draw, but the referee didn't think so. He placed more on science than on aggressiveness and, naturally, had a tough time explaining to the fans.

* * *

MEN who have gone into this question of points generally allow one point when a fighter leads and lands a blow, and a half point if the antagonist is clever enough to counter and reach the mark. In a word, they believe that a man who does the leading takes greater chances and is therefore entitled to more credit.

In sizing up two fighters, in addition to watching the blows and their effect, a referee is supposed to take account of the parrying, blocking, side-stepping, slipping, ducking and general footwork, and is also expected to resort to radical measures when a fighter deliberately runs away from his opponent.

Yet there is an argument in favor of the "tin-can" pugilist, as a runner is sometimes called, or back-pedalling fighter, set forth by the statement that the ring, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, must be twenty-four feet square so that a fighter may have plenty of room in which to manoeuvre.

"What's the ring for?" is a question one can hear seconds say to their fighter who has been doing a lot of clinching to avoid punishment. "Use the ring. Get in some footwork," the seconds cry as their man is wobbling about under a heavy fusillade of blows.

In such a case, a man who runs cannot be blamed, because he must necessarily try to do his best to escape a knockout. But the rank and file of ring followers would rather see two men stand up and fight each other toe to toe until one of them drops than look at a race in which the sprinter, who is quick with his hands in the matter of scoring points, is declared the victor.

Charley White, one of the most competent referees of the old school, father of Max Schmeling's lawyer, knew whether

a man who was running away was really clever or possessed of a yellow streak. White made many decisions on points that were usually satisfactory, but he never attempted to count the actual number of blows landed. He simply watched the respective styles of the two men as they moved about the ring,

Famous American Referees

and made a decision in favor of the one who, in his estimation, possessed the greater amount of cleverness. Nearly every referee in the country to-day follows this custom.

* * *

SEVERAL years ago, there was a New York referee who actually tried to count the number of blows landed and blocked.

He had a pair of counters, one in each hand, and clicked off the points, first for one and then the other. As one of the fights over which he presided became a rough-and-tumble affair, the system failed to work, and it was discarded with all haste, to the satisfaction of the fans.

Jim Corbett perhaps has been the means of showing how a scientific man can score points while in full retreat before an aggressive opponent. It was in his battle with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island that Corbett was running around the ring for twenty rounds, jabbing the champion in the face and beating a tattoo on his body with a busy left, and at the same time making it impossible for Jeffries to land a solid blow. Corbett's wonderful footwork, by which he used every inch of the floor space, was admired by lovers of clean boxing, but it was certainly condemned by those who love the knockdown and drag-out style of battling. George Considine, who was in Corbett's corner that night, was enthusiastic as "Gentleman Jim" came to his corner after the twentieth round.

"Keep on the move, Jim," said Considine. "Don't let him put a glove on you, and you cannot lose on points. You have outclassed him."

Corbett promised to keep away, but his personal pride beat him in the second round after that, for some of Jeffries' followers began to yell:

"Why don't you stand up and fight like a man, instead of running around like a yellow dog?"

Corbett turned white with rage and paid no heed to the warnings of and the promise to Considine. Just to show people that he was not running away, therefore, Jim stopped short in the middle of the twenty-third round and met Jeff face to face.

The boilermaker had been looking for this chance from the tap of the first gong, and in less time than it takes to tell, he knocked Corbett clean out with a heavy smash to the jaw. Had Corbett kept away until the end of the twenty-fifth round he would have won on points, although Jeffries was in every particular the master in the matter of strength and bulldog fighting make-up.

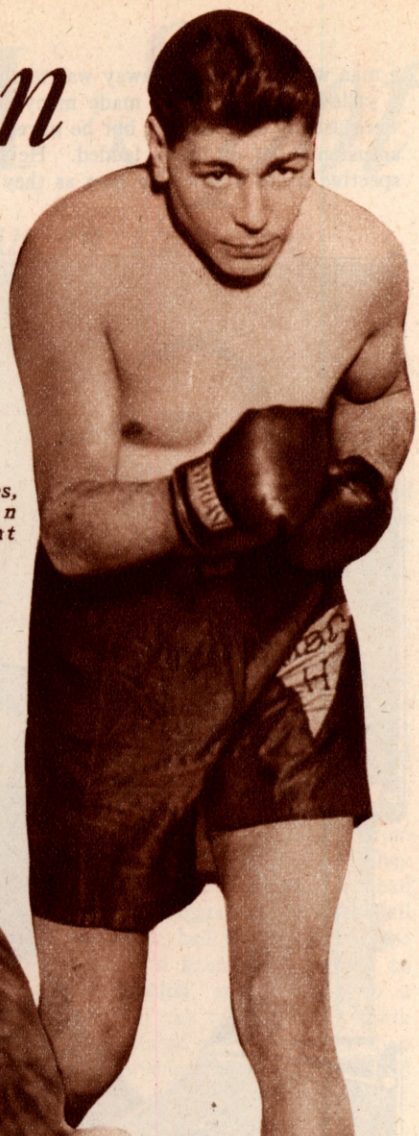
Frank Erne, another fine boxer who frequently is seen at Madison Square Garden shows, was wont to employ similar tactics. He met George Dixon when that marvelous fighter was in his prime, and by running away from the little colored fighter for twenty rounds, got a decision on points that created a howl of disapproval.

"If I had not done the leading," said Dixon, "there would have been no fight. Erne refused to mix it with me and so I went to him. If I had held my hands behind me from the first moment he stood up, there wouldn't have been a blow landed. Yet Erne got the decision."

Dixon fought Erne in the usual way, rushing incessantly and sending in first the left and then the right. Erne was quick on his feet, escaping many of these swings and at the same time putting in numerous counters to the face until Dixon's nose bled. At no time did Erne lead, with the result that the decision was unpopular, although the experts proclaimed it fair.

Foreign Stars

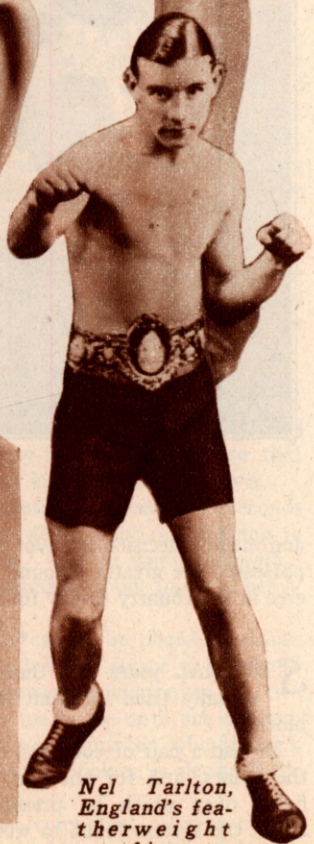
Len Harvey, foremost English middleweight



Pierre Charles, European heavyweight champion

Eddie Ran, Polish welterweight star

Eugene Huat, France's bantamweight contender



Nel Tarlton, England's featherweight king

Jeff's *Secret* is Out

Former Heavyweight King Tells How He Won His Most Important Fights—Says Left to the Stomach Is Most Effective Blow

By "Bill" Miller

ARE body punches more effective than blows to the jaw?

Is continuous jabbing to the face a better attack than uppercuts?

Is a smash to the jaw more telling than a smash to the stomach?

These were a few questions hurled at Jim Jeffries recently when he was the guest at an affair given in honor of the New York Giants out in Los Angeles.

The burly, retired, former world's heavyweight champion, who seldom gives an interview, broke his custom that night and related in detail how he had gained the reputation of being one of the three hardest hitters in modern pugilism. He told of the various blows he used, described how he studied an opponent and used that punch which in his opinion was most likely to cause the downfall of his rival, and then related how he had knocked out Gus Ruhlin, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett.

In his interview, Jeffries declared that the left-hand body blow was his favorite and that the fellow who repeatedly keeps jabbing an opponent instead of taking a chance on landing on a vital spot is not a first-rate fighter. The old-time California boilermaker said that he had three favorite punches and that the one upon which he most relied to bring home the bacon was a terrific left to the stomach.

The left to the stomach, he informed his audience, while not a knockout punch, is a most damaging weapon when it carries the full force of the body. "The stomach," said Jeffries, "is one of the weakest parts of the body, and no matter how well trained a fighter may be, he can stand only a limited amount of punishment on that spot. Continued punching to the stomach will weaken any man, and while it may not put him out literally, it will render him helpless and make him a target for a clout to the chin that will settle his hash."

In view of the number of big men who are coming to the front in the heavyweight ranks, Jeffries was asked how it is best to handle the giants. He said that such fellows must be worn down, and the way to wear them to the point of exhaustion is to hammer away at the body. But he called attention to the fact that not every punch to the body is effective. That, he declared, depends wholly on the way the punch is delivered. If it carries the full weight of the body behind it, then the damage will stay and eventually will take all the steam and fire out of an opponent.

Jim Jeffries in his famous crouch

The fight between Jack Sharkey and Primo Carnera last year proved that point. Sharkey, finding that he could not hurt the Italian by blows to the jaw and face, tried landing some hefty wallops to the stomach, and it didn't take long before the Venetian was winded and became a mark for Jack's right.

In the recent fight between Sharkey and Schmeling, Schmeling demonstrated Jeffries' point by weakening the new champion considerably by a series of body punches in the eleventh round, but unfortunately for the German, Herr Max failed to realize the advantage he had gained and didn't follow up. Had he done so, many ringside experts opine that Sharkey never would have gone the route.

Of course, not every fighter can land the body punches with proper force. In the first place, one must get close to his opponent to connect effectively. Those who are the best body punchers fool their opponents. They pretend to shoot out a right for the jaw and as the opponent throws up his guard to protect his chin, the stomach is exposed and, instead of letting the right go, in comes a smashing left to the bread basket.

Those fighters who rank as the leading body punishers go in with the blow, thereby carrying the weight of the body, and often when the punch finds the spot, the spectators will hear a groan from the pain caused by such punches. There is no better body puncher than Billy Petrolle. Those who witnessed his fights with Jimmy McLarnin, King Tut and Justo Suarez will remember how severe was the whipping those men received through Billy's powerful lefts to the belly and rights to the heart.

Speaking of a left to the body, Jeffries recalled how that type of blow enabled him to win his three most important fights. The contests to which he referred were those with Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin and Corbett.

"Take my last battle with Fitz at San Francisco," he said. "I landed on Bob's body repeatedly with my left. It was not long before I had him puffing. I took all the steam out of him. He hit me often, but there was no force left in his delivery and that is why I beat him.

"The spectators saw those body blows, but they little knew the demoralizing effect they were having on Fitzsimmons. Some persons do not believe that a blow hurts unless it cuts a gash on the face or brings blood. That is a mistaken idea.

"I knew that every blow I landed on Fitzsimmons' body meant that victory was coming nearer. The damage was evident to me and to Fitzsimmons. He was badly used up, but he stood the gaff gamely (*Continued on page* 35)

Now, This Was

John C. Heenan

Schmeling-Sharkey Affair Recalls Famous International Battles Between Heenan and Sayers, and King

By A. D. PHILLIPS

A BOYHOOD feud, growing from gang rivalry in Troy, N. Y., and a dispute between the parents of these pugnacious lads at a cock fight, creating a bitterness that extended over a long period of years, resulted in the great international battle between John Camel Heenan and Tom Sayers at Farnsborough, Eng., on April 17, 1860, 72 years ago. Heenan was one of the principals in the feud at Troy, while John Morrissey, later the American champion who became in turn Congressman and State Senator, was the other lad, and it was a twitting remark made by Morrissey that caused Heenan to seek the match with Sayers in the hope that he would get a return battle with Morrissey, after the latter had beaten him for the American championship at Long Point, Can.

With international contests taking place almost monthly these days, and the heaps of criticism hurled at American sportsmanship as a result of the recent loss of Schmeling's title to Jack Sharkey, it is interesting to recall the tremendous interest shown in what was really the first international championship battle between a representative American heavyweight and a champion of Europe.

Never before nor since, and this is said advisedly, has there been shown the feeling in America over any meeting in the ring as that which cropped out during and following the battle between Heenan and Sayers, England's great title holder. There were many contributing causes to this feeling, and strange as it may seem to present-day followers of the ring, there was a tremendous element in America which was anxious to see the American soundly whipped, while another faction was with him heart and soul. So bitter was the feeling, that national pride was forgotten by the anti-Heenanites, while a patriotic frenzy seized even those who never before showed any interest in the doings of pugilists. The country seethed with bitterness and whenever the factions met, there was always trouble.

* * *

TO get a proper perspective of the situation, one must go back a bit and review the causes that led up to the making of the match and to the real reason for the feeling against the American.

In the first place Heenan, by many, was not considered the champion of America. He had been defeated by John Morrissey for the title in the battle at Long Point, Can., on October 20, 1858, in 11 rounds, lasting 21 minutes, a contest in which Heenan injured his arm by striking a stake. Though he had the better of the early rounds, the injury was so severe that after the fourth session, he was at the mercy of Morrissey. Later he challenged Morrissey, but the latter declined and advised Heenan that he would only give him a return match if he defeated Sayers.

* * *

THE Heenan-Morrissey affair grew from a boyhood feud. Morrissey was born in 1831 at Templemore, County of Tipperary, Ireland, but came to America with his parents while still an infant. After a short stay in Canada, the Morrissey family moved to Troy, N. Y., where John spent most of his boyhood, and where he became the leader of a gang of youths noted for their street battles. It was a time of religious bigotry, with the "Know Nothings," a powerful political and civic factor that spilt the country as nothing has done since. Morrissey was considered the leader of the "Irishers," while Heenan, though several years younger, was looked upon as the "American" champion.

Heenan was the son of Timothy Heenan, an armorer at the Watervliet Armory, and in this historic place John was born on May 2, 1833. He was given a good schooling for the period, as befitted his father's position and at the age of 14 he went to work in the Arsenal to learn the machinist's trade. He proved so adept, that at 17 he was a skilled mechanic. He had grown into a splendidly built youth of great strength and agility and took the leadership of the lads from his district in the gang battles that raged first with the Troy element, led by Morrissey, and later with those from Albany and other places.

With the discovery of gold in California, Heenan, like many others, went to the Pacific Coast, but not finding gold on the streets, he accepted a job as machinist at the shops of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at Benecia. Up to that time

a VENDETTA

he had never indicated that he had any serious pugilistic intentions. He stuck to his work and established a reputation for steadiness in a hectic period when reports of new gold strikes caused adventurous youth to desert shops in search of the glittering ore.

A bully, noted for his rough and tumble ability, managed to pick a quarrel with Heenan and was given a fearful beating by the latter. Among his mates, this performance gave young Heenan a pugilistic standing to which he added when he whipped the annoyer of a young girl on one of the San Francisco streets. Later it developed that the man whom Heenan had so well chastised was a powerful politician and on his recovery, the politician employed a gang to waylay Heenan. The upshot of this was that the Eastern lad gave his assailants a beating that was a masterpiece of effectiveness. That added to Heenan's reputation and he then declared that he would fight any man on the Pacific Coast.

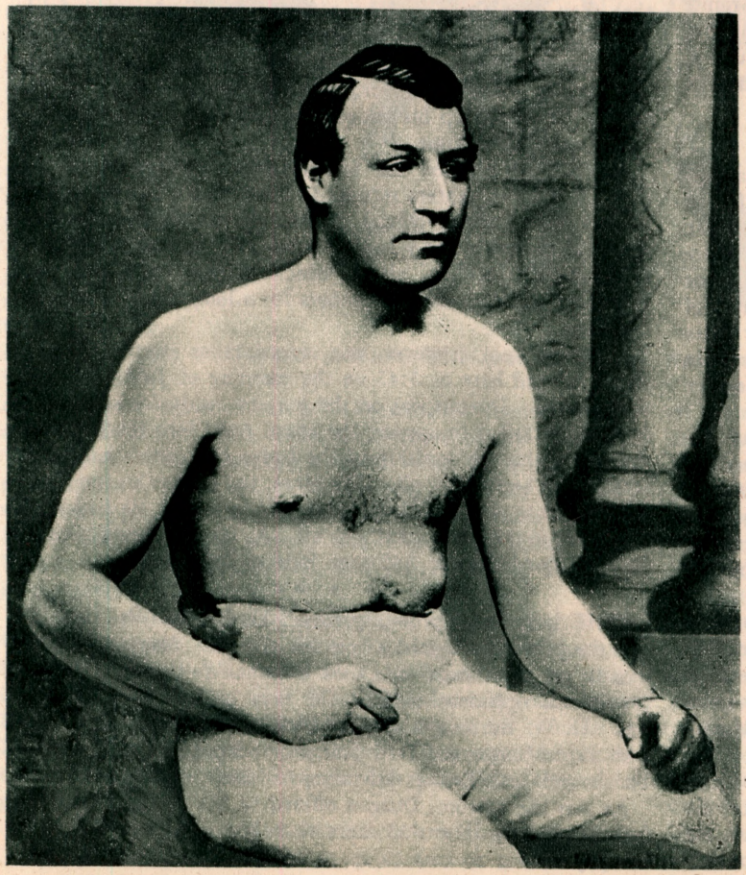
Yankee Sullivan, who was later killed by the Vigilantes, was living in California at the time, and Heenan's friends made a match between them. When it came time to fight, however, Sullivan declared that he had not given his consent and he refused to enter the ring.

The fact that Sullivan, who had an international reputation, had declined to fight, gave Heenan added prestige and he became known as the "Benecia Boy," a title that stuck to him to his death. Heenan's fame spread to the East, so that when he returned to New York in 1857, he had become one of the outstanding figures of pugilism and that, too, without ever having engaged in a ring contest of any nature. He was accompanied from the Coast by Jimmy (Stonehammer) Cusick, a boxer of great skill and Cusick imparted his knowledge to Heenan until the latter became exceptionally clever, especially with the gloves.

Tom King

HEENAN made his first bow to New Yorkers at National Hall, then on Canal street, on December 10, 1857. He sparred with Joe Coburn, then in his prime and considered to be the cleverest heavyweight boxer in the country. Heenan's showing against Coburn was so remarkable that he was at once acclaimed a marvel. At the conclusion of the bout, Cusick announced that Heenan was ready to fight any man in the country. John Morrissey, then the title holder, was in the hall. It was the first time they had met each other since their boyhood days at Troy, but the old bitterness was still present and Morrissey, feeling that the challenge was a personal one, set about making a match.

That was decided at Long Point, Canada, on October 20, 1858. Morrissey stood 5 feet 11¾ and weighed 173 pounds, while Heenan stood 6 feet 1½ inches and weighed 190 pounds. The fight was marked by the extreme feeling between the partisans of both men, yet it was carried out in a sportsmanlike manner and under the conditions as they existed, Morrissey fairly won the verdict. It is interesting to note here that two referees officiated. These were Louis Bieral, a well known New Yorker, and another Gothamite of the aristocracy, whose name was concealed because of his associations. Another New Yorker of social distinction named James Briggs, was time keeper. Morrissey won in the eleventh round, when Heenan hurt his hand on a spike.



Tom Sayers

Meantime over in England Tom Sayers had advanced to the championship of that country and it was the intention of the British sportsmen to match him against the winner of the Heenan-Morrissey battle. There a peculiar condition arose, in that the Englishman wanted a native born American and did not regard Morrissey as a representative American because of the fact that he had been born in Ireland.

Therefore when Morrissey declined to accept Heenan's challenge for a return match and the latter claimed the American title by default, the condition outlined by Sayers fitted into the plans of the English very nicely, although nothing was said of it at the time.

The result of the clash with Morrissey, raised Heenan's stock greatly as even the most rabid partisans were ready to admit that had not Heenan injured his hand, he would have most likely been returned a winner.

At that time the Dexter House on Broome street, near Broadway, New York City, was a favorite gathering place for the sporting and theatrical folks. It was kept by "Little Fred" Falkland. Among those who frequented the place was Neil Bryant, the minstrel, then in the heyday of his career. A discussion was started relative to the ability of Sayers. Heenan happened to be present and suddenly declared to Bryant that he felt confident he could defeat Sayers.

"John, if you mean that I will see that you get the backing," said Bryant.

On receiving an affirmative reply, Bryant took up the matter with Chris O'Connor, a well known New York patron of sports and a great admirer (*Continued on page* 36)

CRADLES of BOXING

The Eighteenth of a Series of Articles on Famous Bouts in New England

By DOC ALMY
(Boston's leading boxing authority)

"ROCKY" MOORE'S battle with George Rooke, fought on October 2, 1867, on Smutty Nose Island, off Portsmouth, N. H., entirely absorbed, also seemingly exhausted New England interest in the "Noble Art" for the balance of that year. There was little doing that year.

There may have been an affair of the knuckles and roped posts here and there, but, if so, such were minor and attracted such little attention or comment at the time as to quickly be forgotten. So the remainder of the fall, also the cold months of the winter of 1867-68, went by with very little doing in this section of the country.

Old winter finally gave way to spring, but the sporty continued to remain pretty much unto themselves, undoubtedly busy enough in their own particular ways, but content to let the fight game pursue its willy-nilly tenure. And fisticuffs, as has so often been the case, finally resurrected itself.

In June, 1868, Mike McManus and William P. Holland, Boston middleweights, decided that it was time for them to be up and doing. They agreed that a purse of $200 was sufficiently tempting for them to take all risks in the settlement of a professional rivalry which had become exceedingly bitter.

For reasons unknown, though not entirely difficult to surmise, very little detail concerning this particular bit of ring action ever found itself into type. Following up a cold clue, however, we finally placed the pair and their hostile meeting an affair of July 9, near the little town of Newton, N. H. By way of explanation, also locating the scene of this festivity a bit more clearly, Newton, N. H., is but a few miles removed from Plaistow, N. H., and Plaistow is just across the Merrimac River from Haverhill, Mass.

In later years more than one fistic invasion of the Granite State was engineered from this city, also Boston. Plaistow, therefore, in its day became well known, not only because of the merry mills that did take place within its borders, but also for many that did not take place there.

* * *

IN the old days, both as a bit of camouflage, also as a joke on the authorities of the county within which Plaistow is located, it was customary to schedule a fight in that town, also next day to duly report the same as having occured there when, as a matter of fact, the melee had taken place in some Boston loft. Such reports always served to get the "goats" of the New Hampshire authorities; also to throw the Bay State powers-that-be into confusion. As we have stated, such antics were considered a great joke, also prevented police interference with actual contests.

In the case of McManus and Holland, they with about 200 of their followers, early on the morning of July 9, unexpectedly descended on the hamlet of Newton, N. H., and all within a very short space, a ring was pitched and they got busy with their fists. It was the customary bare mauleys and to a finish, and that finish came to McManus in the 17th round when he was unable to come to the scratch.

In the previous session Holland grabbed McManus about the waist and tossed him to the ground by raising him while Holland was practically senseless from a powerful right to the face. McManus lost the stakes and his friends lost their money in an affair that had lasted 48 minutes. Unhappily for McManus, his troubles did not end there.

Among the fans who had watched the scrap were several Massachusetts constables. They had made no attempt to mix in during the entertainment, but having selected McManus for their prey, stuck closely to him on the homeward journey toward Boston. This particular party boated across the Merrimac together and no sooner had they landed on the Massachusetts shore than the constables officially "pinched" the ringster. Although his offence had occurred in another state, McManus was haled before the court in Newburyport, Mass., and for having participated in a prize fight was given a sentence of six months in Lawrence jail. He took the six, well pleased that his vacation was not of longer duration.

* * *

JUST why or wherein Messrs. William Durgan and Johnny Murphy, New York scrappers, or their aids, should have selected Framingham, Mass., a town about 20 miles out from Boston on the road to Worcester, for their ring activity, history has failed to record. However, back in June, 1868, when the proposition was put up to these ringsters to mingle with their dukes for a purse of $500 "somewhere in Massachusetts," they readily consented.

In later days Framingham and Natick, which are not far removed, became famous as the stamping ground for such well-known athletes, and later trainers, as Mike Murphy of the University of Pennsylvania, "Pooch" Donovan of Harvard, his brother "Piper" Donovan, one of the early 9 3/5 chaps at 100 yards, also the daddy of 'em all, Mike Gavin. These men, all of whom have passed to their reward, put both Framingham and Natick on the sporting map. Back in 1868, however, Framingham was a place unknown to the average New Yorker. Durgan, who hailed from County Meath, and Murphy, who had figured in two or three Gotham frays, thought it was just the spot.

Early in July they made their professional visitation and, to throw the suspicious off the scent, bruited about the old story that they were there to have a foot race. Such was a fairly acceptable yarn in their day when the exploits of the "peds" and sprinters attracted keen attention as wagering propositions. The county sheriff, however, failed to fall very hard for the story. He shined up his badge, oiled his Colts and threatened to become troublesome.

In fact, he blocked the first attempt, which was set for July 11, but the fighters refused to quit. Next, for the benefit of this hard-working official, it was announced that the mill would be fought in the woods between Framingham and Natick at midnight, July 14, all of which carried the sheriff and his merry men into the tall timbers for a long, lonely and fruitless vigil.

The right spot, however, was several miles away in another direction, and here at 3:45 on the morning of July 15, a ring was pitched. Durgan was on the job and ready for action, but as Murphy failed to appear, the dread crept into the hearts of the sporty that his lordship of the badge and pistols had registered a bull's-eye after all. Therefore, the tension was mightily relieved when about 4:12 Murphy hove in sight. He had made a mistake in the roads, that was all. As for the sheriff, neither Murphy nor his guide had seen hide or hair of him.

* * *

THE late comer promptly tossed his hat into the ring and the principals flipped a coin for corners. Murphy had the luck to get the "heads" and took his stand to the east, thereby forcing his opponent to face the rays of the early morning sun. H. W. Burroughs of Springfield was selected as referee, with Pete Munger and Dan Gallagher behind Durgan and Sam Brown and Josh Ewings attending his foe.

As was the custom, Durgan offered to bet Murphy $100 on first knockdown, also $50 more than he would win the fight. Murphy having no cash to spare, ringsiders covered both bets

"Doc" Almy Continues to Tell of the Terrific Battles with the Bare Mauleys and the Difficulties Under Which They Were Fought

and the mill was on. Durgan, though but little more than a novice, won his $100 at the end of the first stanza when he sent his man to grass with a powerful facer. At this some of the spectators, presumably those wagering on Murphy, tried to butt into the show. As two rings had been erected, one outside of the other, the ring-keepers in between got so busy with their clubs that the would-be disturbers were quickly subdued.

In the next round Murphy was again worsted, but the third saw Durgan take a tumble, to be hauled to his corner and there revived by his seconds as he sat upon their knees. He had better luck in the fourth, and, from that time on gradually forged ahead.

In the 41st round, when Murphy was staggering blindly about the enclosure, his seconds tossed in the sponge. The muss had occupied one hour and 40 minutes. Murphy came out of it shy his end of the money, also with a broken nose and two bent ribs. As for Durgan, he also showed plenty of evidence of having received a tough mauling.

While those who had won money on the contest were shaking hands and lauding what they termed "a splendid, manly mill," there was a shriek of "Police! Police!" from one of the guardian angels who had been doing sentry duty. There was a helter-skelter scattering, and, as the sports proved better runners than the sheriff and his deputies, all escaped. As for the pugilists, the old account winds up the story by saying, "Both were rapidly conveyed to a place of safety." Presumably, sooner or later all got back to New York. There is no record of any aftermath.

Holland grabbed McManus about the waist and tossed him to the ground

One would think that this episode would have cooled the game off for a while, but, to the contrary, it merely served to whet the appetites of the fistic brotherhood for more. So, the Boston Fancy looked around, and finally fell upon David Whelan of Portsmouth, N. H., and Jim Hogan of The Hub as providers of the next stir.

Whelan, a shipbuilder by occupation, while serving in the Union Army near Harper's Ferry, Va., in 1863, had the luck to whip one Sam Woodstock in a 20-round fight, an affair lasting an hour. The Civil War over, he had returned to Portsmouth and his ships, but the memory of his triumph at Harper's Ferry lingered in his mind. He became so pugnaciously disagreeable that Hogan, a Hub fistic light, decided to give him "a call."

Backed and abetted by several Bostonians, Hogan offered to fight Whelan to a finish for $500, but, as at that particular time the builder of ships was busted, he was unable to accept the defi. Matters drifted along until July, 1868, when it so happened that the pair ran afoul of each other in Broadway, New York. "So this is you, you yellow hound," was Hogan's greeting to his fellow New Englander. "You are a coward and afraid to fight."

That was enough. Though Whelan weighed but 122 pounds to Hogan's 135, in those days this difference in poundage was but a minor matter. They went to it right on the sidewalk, and Whelan was having the better of the muss when the police waded in. Both paid fines for their fun. Getting back to Old Beantown, the ringsters were signed up by William Bent, the sporting boniface who had succeeded Ned Price, to battle for $500 a side.

Bright and early on the morning of Aug. 1, 1868, the principals and their mobs foregathered at Lawrence, Mass., and with Henry Howard of Salem as third man, mixed in. It was one of those old-time regular fights over which the "Angel of Fatality" very frequently hovered. For 16 rounds they slammed each other right merrily, and then Whelan, running against a stiff left to the mouth, folded up. The time of the mill was 27 minutes. Both contestants suffered much damage.

This fray was not to be the last in or near Boston for the year, as George Siddons and Tommy Kelly, both of whom were later to shine in big league fistic annals, were to meet within hemp. The details of this famous match, also a visit to Boston of Joe Coburn, then American heavyweight champion, must go over to the next story in the series.

Throughout this series, it will be noted that while many of the famous bare-knuckle fights reviewed as part of New England boxing history, did not take place within the confines of Boston or its suburbs, yet most of the participants were well known Hub characters.

Boston, during the years we have already discussed, was the leading fistic center of America and that is why the tales are so interesting.

We are entering an era with this story that leads us to the most colorful period of Bay State boxing. It is one that was so full of important and sensational pugilistic mills that were I to confine one page to each of these encounters, it would take about 2000 pages to complete the task.

FAMOUS FIGHT RECALLED

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

The international 120 pound championship in which Ike Weir (right) and Frank Murphy fought 80 rounds to a draw in 5 hours and 20 minutes

KOUTS, INDIANA. Ever hear of that? No. Well, that town has a place in ring history as the spot where one of the greatest skin glove battles in American ring annals took place, an eighty-round draw which Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Frank Murphy of Birmingham, England, fought on March 31, 1889. It was a battle to a finish that was broken up when it was feared that the authorities would interfere and arrest all hands.

The contest, billed as the international 120 pound championship bout, was one of the most grueling on record. It was a tilt that had lasted for five hours and twenty minutes during which time each man had given a remarkable exhibition of rawhide stamina and iron endurance, and was arranged by the late Harry Ballard, who for many years was on the editorial staff of the New York *Telegram* and who died last year. It was he, a famous sports editor and stake holder in many celebrated fistic contests in the bare-knuckle and skin-tight glove period, who drew up the articles of agreement and inserted a clause to the effect that the contest should be a finish mill. As Ballard, discussing the fight in the sports rooms of the *Telegram* a few years ago remarked:

"There had been many draw battles in those days and I was eager to avoid another, so I compelled the boys to agree to a finish fight. That was why Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone, who was chosen referee, did not call the bout a draw when it was halted. Instead, he announced that the contest was "postponed" and that the men would resume their argument in Chicago a few days later.

"However, they never did. And after seeing them in action for more than five hours, I could readily understand why each balked at resuming the milling. I didn't blame them."

Kouts, where Murphy and Weir met, was a small town near the Illinois line. The place was much in print at the time, for shortly before the bout there was a terrible railroad wreck, in which many persons were killed or maimed.

Ed McAvoy and Billy Richards, an Englishman who was quite a sporting character in those days, were in Weir's corner, and Murphy was seconded by Mike Daly and Captain Bill Daly.

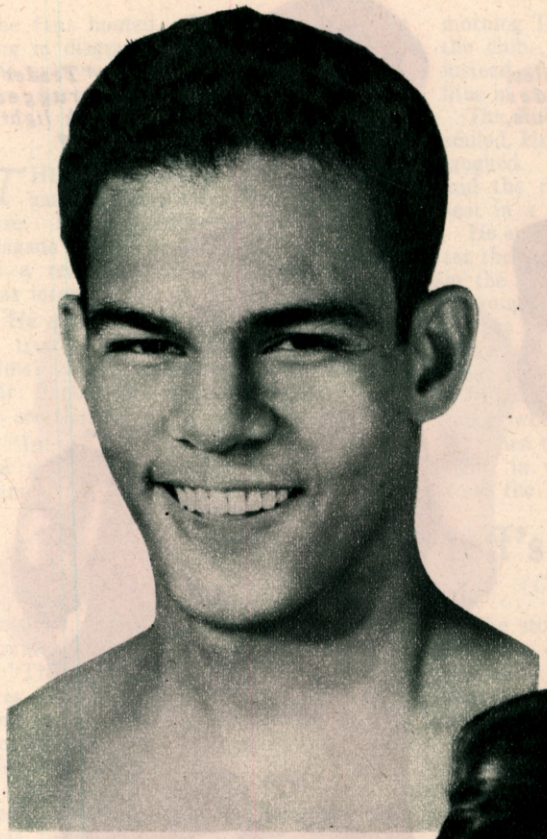
The men fought with skin-tight gloves—you know what that means. The contest was billed for a Saturday night, but it was not until ten minutes past one o'clock on Sunday morning that the opening gong rang. Five hours and twenty minutes later—at half-past six o'clock—the bout was stopped by the owner of the hall because of fear of arrest for violation of the Sabbath laws.

Weir was a tall, rangy featherweight, of splendid science, grace and skill. Besides being a fighter, the Spider also was a jockey, a dancer and a good wing shot. His opponent, Murphy, was of the short, stocky build typical of the English ring man of those days. Murphy tipped the beam at 118 pounds and Weir scaled a bit heavier.

Weir opened a big favorite, McAvoy offering $1,000 to $700 on his man at the start. About the best he could get was a few fifty-dollar bets. In the first round it looked as if The Spider would win in jig time, for he drew first blood and a knockdown in the first two minutes of fighting. He continued to jab and cross Murphy in the second and third, closing one eye and raising a mouse over the other.

From then on to the twentieth (*Continued on page* 37)

ESTABLISHED CAMPAIGNERS



Jimmy Hill, welterweight champion of the Orient

Joe Ghnouly, rugged St. Louis 130 pounder

Lou Terry, classy St. Louis lightweight

Jack Redman, colored heavyweight, now a New York sensation

Johnny Indrisano, Bostonian, peer of all welterweights

Boys In the Public Eye

Billy Hogan, New York's Golden Glove lightweight winner, now a pro

Johnny Miles, 175 pounder from St. Louis, Mo.

Charley "Trader" Horn, rugged New York light-heavy

Al Casimini, New York's fast rising lightweight

Johnny Terry, Huntington, W. Va., lightweight

Ernie Maurer, Detroit's crack bantamweight prospect

K. Nagana, Boxer, Gets Wrong Films

(*Continued from page* 13)

The fans hooted. Mr. Nagana left the ring in disgrace. His face was lowered. His eyes were glued on the floor as he went back to his dressing room.

* * *

THE matchmaker rushed into the Nagana dressing room. No, he wasn't sore. He was amused. And perplexed. Nagana looked as if he had the makings of a real fighter, and the matchmaker was interested.

He questioned the two Japanese. Was it true that Nagana had learned from films? Not a newspaper yarn? Well, he, Mr. Packer, the matchmaker, would like to see those films.

"In two hours we will run them off for you," T. Tsuda told him. And so it came to pass that at one o'clock in the morning Tommy Packer, matchmaker for the club, was in a Filipino honky tonk instead of being surrounded by his satellites in the Brown Derby.

The Filipino ran off one reel. Packer smiled. He ran off the second reel. Packer laughed. He showed them the last film, and the matchmaker almost fell off his seat in a paroxysm of laughter.

He still was unable to control his laughter the next morning as he told the story in the offices of the Olympia club, with a group of newspapermen listening in.

"See, this Jap learns how to box from some old films," he went on. "Well, what fights does he learn from?

"First they run off the Godfrey-Carnera thing, which the Italian wins on a foul.

"Then they show me the Sharkey-Scott fight, in which, the way I see it, Jack fouls the Briton.

"Last of all, they show me the first Sharkey-Schmeling bout, which the German takes on a foul.

"Now, get this. Them Japs think a foul punch is a legal knockout. They think those low punches are the real McCoy. So Mr. Nagana models himself after Godfrey and Sharkey. That's the how come of the low punches last night. But watch this Nagana from now on."

* * *

IN their shack at Venice, among the odors of hot dogs and frying hamburgers, the two Japs were mulling over what Packer had told them.

"This is a strange country," said T. Tsuda. "As the great Shibusawa said, 'To be a frog, one must hop like a frog.'"

"It is ever so," said K. Nagana.

Jeff's Secret Is Out

(*Continued from page* 27)

until he went down for the count. Fitzsimmons was not knocked out.

"That is, he was conscious, but he was 'out' just the same. He was helpless and received more damage than if he had been knocked out in one of the early rounds.

"My bout with Ruhlin was almost the same as the Fitzsimmons affair. Ruhlin was badly used up by the body blows when he was counted out. Some wise individuals thought he could have continued. I would just like those fellows to stand up and take a few of those wallops. Ruhlin was beaten badly. As was the case with Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin was unable to hold his arms up.

"In my fight with Corbett—our last meeting at San Francisco—I used the body blow effectively, and it was a left in the stomach that practically put Corbett out of business. It was in one of the early rounds—I think the second—that I caught Corbett a stiff left to the stomach. The blow hurt him, for he held on hard, so as to recover his wind. When we broke I saw Corbett was not so lively on his feet. He stalled around, and when we came together in another clinch I knew I had him beaten. Then I took things easy, and at every opportunity I slammed a left to the stomach, and pretty soon he was hardly able to stand up.

"I have seen many good fighters keep playing a repeated attack for the jaw despite the fact that the opponent could take it there without a whimper, when a series of stomach and heart smashes would have weakened the man and brought him to the point where one good clout to the chin would put him out. Too many of our present day fighters try to become Jim Corbetts in cleverness. They forget that cleverness is only one part of the boxing game and that hard hitting is also a most important asset, and should not be overlooked.

"Where body punching in my day was practiced by every good fighter, to-day it is almost a lost art. Jack Sharkey, our present champion, is an excellent body puncher when he wants to fight that way, and with his cleverness as an added asset, he possesses what few of the other heavyweights have. Max Schmeling, his recent opponent, is another fine body puncher and I'm surprised that he did not go in for more of that in his fight with Sharkey instead of boxing him."

Is He Game!

(*Continued from page* 11)

boys of to-day hold their own with any of the previous eras. No argumentive granddaddy can dispute that. It's just not possible for any man to show greater gameness than what has been witnessed in many fights during the last year or two.

Just to mention a few of them! There was McLarnin's first fight with Petrolle. Remember how Jimmy, despite a broken hand and a mussed up dial, defied Petrolle's efforts to keep him down, and managed to last the distance?

Then there was Berg's great showing against Canzoneri. Remember how Jackie repeatedly climbed up from the canvas after being floored by punches well below the belt, to wade in as eagerly as ever? Remember? . . . but reader, why should I wear out my typewriter ribbon. Just think for yourselves of the many fights that you have read of in THE RING, in which great courage has been shown. And you will read of a great many more, believe me!

They were, or are, all first class men that I have mentioned, but you don't have to attend championship fights to see the game chickens of the ring. They are performing all over the world, in all sorts of arenas. From Madison Square Garden down to the little dance halls in the sticks, game chickens tread the canvas.

And they are the boys who are helping the game keep its feet against the knocks of depression, muckrakers and the like. Three cheers for them! Hip! Hip!

Current Wrestling

(*Continued from page* 21)

match and a free-for-all followed.

* * *

Several American and Canadian wrestlers are in the Antipodes where, according to reports, they draw down more money than they ordinarily obtain in this country unless they happen to be in a Jim Londos or Strangler Lewis' class.

* * *

Alex Lundin of Finland, who also is well known here, is now in Australia.

TUNNEY'S NEW AMBITION

(*Continued from page* 7)

He made good in his own way it is true. But he made good. And that's the big thing.

Like Morrissey, Tunney takes his place in the fistic and political spotlight. Like Morrissey, Gene is a self-made man, a product of environment. Like his predecessor, Tunney mapped out his plans, went after what he wanted, obtained his objective and quit the fistic arena, the retired, undefeated world's heavyweight champion. And now with wealth at his command, social ambition his latest aim, he seeks to increase his prestige through politics. And who will deny him his goal? If Gene's ambition is satisfied, it is our prediction that he will be equally successful in the political ring as he was in the roped square.

Now, This Was a Vendetta

(*Continued from page 29*)

of Heenan; Dick Risdon another sport and T. B. Prendergast, a member of the Bryant minstrel troupe. Each of that trio contributed liberally to the stakes. Then others were induced to chip in until the requisite amount was assured and the match with Sayers was made.

* * *

IN reply to the challenge sent to Bell's Life, the English sporting publication, Sayers replied that he could not accept the challenge because of the fact that he was then matched with three challengers and besides, the Americans had failed to send a cash forfeit to bind the challenge. Aaron Jones, an English pugilist who had been previously beaten by Sayers and who was in America at the time, had also sent a challenge to fight Sayers and because he had sent a forfeit under the rules of the British ring, Sayers was obliged to accept.

Johnny Gideon, backer of Sayers, however, got into direct touch with George Wilkes, publisher of Wilkes' Spirit of The Times, then considered the leading American sporting newspaper, and told Wilkes that if it were possible for Jones to withdraw, the way would be cleared and in the event of Sayers' success in his coming battles, the match with Heenan could be arranged. Jones was paid a substantial sum to forfeit his prior claims. Jones' backer was reimbursed and he immediately ordered that the share due him be added to the Heenan stakes.

Heenan stipulated that the contest be for the championship and the belt emblematic of the title and a stake of $10,000 a side, the largest ever put up on a ring contest up to that time. Johnny Gideon, backer of Sayers, accepted and the match was clinched.

The amount at issue and the importance of the event, as well as the fact that an American would go abroad to contest for the title, created tremendous interest. It seemed that the entire country had suddenly been taken by storm over the prospect of an American winning the championship of the world and Heenan became the fistic lion of the hour, except where bigotry crept in. He was given a series of benefits as he prepared to sail for England, one of which was at Hoym's theater where he boxed Jack Pyburn.

Fred Falkland, acting for Heenan, sailed in advance of the Benecia Boy for England and made all the arrangements, including the employment of Jack McDonald, a noted English trainer, to help prepare the American for the battle.

* * *

IF interest in the affair was high in this country, it was more so in England, so that the news that Heenan was to arrive on the steamship Asia attracted a great crowd on the pier at Liverpool. Heenan, however, was smuggled from the vessel and thus escaped the reception. It was the intention of the Heenan camp to keep the American out of sight until he entered the ring with Sayers and to do this, it was necessary for Heenan to clip off the flowing mustache of which he was so proud, and to adopt a typical English make up. He was thus able to tour London for a time without his identity being revealed. In fact for weeks, the only ones in England other than his own party who knew Heenan, was the stake holder and Nat Langham, another noted pugilist.

The date of the fight had been set for April 17, but Heenan started to train about the middle of February at an old mansion near Salisbury. Here he appeared to be settled, but obstacles suddenly were placed that gave an indication that Heenan would be hampered in every possible way. There was open hostility that indicated that the American would not be permitted to train properly for the battle. The first concrete evidence of that came when the Salisbury authorities notified Heenan that he must leave their bailiwick or be arrested. He chose to move, of course, and after several days active hunt, he located in Somersetshire, near Bath. Again the authorities notified him to get out, after he had just settled down and once more a move was made, this time to Bedford. This harassing of the American was kept up until April 2, only two weeks of the date of the battle. On that date, an officer appeared with a warrant for Heenan with a view to binding him over to keep the peace for a year. Heenan, however, had been tipped off and took the first train out of town without any definite idea of where he and his trainers were going. Warrants had meantime been issued in other counties and the police finally placed him and his trainers under arrest at Trent Lock, and at Derby they were released on posting $250 each, with two additional sureties of $125 each. The Bedford officer tried to also serve his warrant, but the local justice refused to acknowledge the latter's authority.

* * *

MEANTIME Sayers was evidently under judicial protection, for he was permitted to train without interference. Heenan went to London, pending the finding of a place where he could finish his training. This done, more annoyance came in the form of changing dates, first from the 17th to the 13th, then again to the 18th and finally back to the original date. The excuse for these shifts was that they were necessary or advisable because of threatened magisterial interference. The battle was fought at Farnborough and as has often been told, in the 37th round the mob broke into the ring and Referee Dowling, fearing for his life, quit the ring, leaving the men to fight without a referee for 5 rounds. At the end of the 42nd the fight was halted and went into the record book as a draw. The Americans claimed that Heenan had won and the British that Sayers was entitled to the verdict.

Heenan remained in England for some time after the battle. He was preceded home by Morrissey who, on his return, openly declared that Heenan had been robbed.

Heenan returned to New York where he engaged in the saloon business, and occasionally indulged in sparring exhibitions. His first appearance in public on his return was at National Hall when on August 18, 1860, his opponent was Prof. Charles F. Ottignon, a former Boston instructor in boxing who was giving the elite of New York lessons in the "manly art." The affair drew out a tremendous crowd, for Heenan's great work against Sayers had broken down much of the feeling against him.

He returned to England, and on December 10, 1863, fought Tom King at Wadhurst for $10,000 a side and King won in 25 rounds fought in 35 minutes. It was in this fight that McDonald, Heenan's trainer, was accused of having poisoned his principal, an accusation that brought from McDonald the statement that Heenan had sold the fight for $20,000. He could never substantiate the allegation, however. It is a fact that Heenan was having all the better of the battle with King when he was suddenly taken sick, following the drinking of some brandy between the rounds. From that point until the end, Heenan acted in a dazed manner and did not appear to be able to realize what he was doing.

Heenan's last public appearances were with Jem Mace when the latter came to this country for the purpose of fighting Tom Allen for the American championship. Heenan and Mace toured the country. Their first appearance was at the Bowery Theater in New York City and later at old Tammany Hall. That was in February, 1870, on which occasion Mace was presented with a belt by his admirers.

Prior to that, Heenan had challenged Mike McCoole to fight for the American championship and $10,000 a side, but McCoole declined.

Heenan in appearance was an exceptional pugilist. He had the figure of an Apollo, the grace of a Chesterfield and dressed like a Beau Brummell. He had great personal magnetism and won friends readily. That accounts for his ability to secure great sums for backing, even though he had been named the "most unlucky pugilist of all time."

On April 3, 1859, he married Adah Isaacs Menken, the actress then in the flower of her beauty and at the peak of her ability and popularity. Their married life, however, was not smooth and Heenan secured a divorce in an Indiana court.

Following a third trip to England, Heenan's health began to fail.

With his ever faithful trainer and pal, Jimmy Cusick, he went to Green River, Wyoming, where he died of consumption on October 25, 1873. His remains were brought to New York where his funeral was attended by the leading men of all walks of life. The interment was at St. Agnes' Cemetery, Albany, on November 2.

Daniel Mendoza

(*Continued from page* 9)

Then hit me if you can, you Isrealite," came back Fitzgerald, who by this time was hot and perspiring from swinging wildly because of the cleverness of his opponent.

Mendoza, sneering, aroused the Irishman's anger and when Daniel saw that Fitzgerald had lost control of himself, the Hebrew fighter laughed loudly.

"You damned Jew, shouted Fitzgerald, "don't stand there grinning at me. Fight, fight, fight, I say, but don't try to play any of your cursed Jewish tricks on me."

With those words, Mendoza's smile vanished. He suddenly became serious as he remarked:

"Well, if you'll have it, you shall, by God. Take this, and this; he replied, as he shot out a left and a right to Fitzgerald's face that brought the claret and closed the left eye. Mendoza had made up his mind that he would avenge the insult to his race.

Fitzgerald charged back but without avail. With blood flowing from eye, mouth and nose after a series of stabs and clouts, the Irishman for the first time realized how hard a professional fighter could strike. The crafty Mendoza drove his man before him with a terrific blow on the chin and sent him to his knees.

There was dead silence in the room. Even Fitzgerald's backers were afraid to say anything. When Fitzgerald arose, Mendoza asked him to quit.

"Quit, shall I! Let me get at him!" answered Fitzgerald. I'll finish him yet."

And with that, he pushed his seconds aside and rushed at Mendoza.

Mendoza's brow knit itself into a scowl as he heard himself called a damned Jew again by some of Fitzgerald's adherents, and this time, he showed no mercy to his opponent. As Fitzgerald charged forward, he was met with a tremendous right between the eyes and Fitzgerald went down like a pole-axed bullock.

In the next two rounds, Mendoza tossed his man heavily to the ground just to show that he also was a great wrestler.

Squire Fitzgerald still was too proud to quit and it was not until he had fought for more than half an hour with unflinching courage and gameness, that with his backers adding to the earnest entreaties of his seconds, Fitzgerald consented to give in.

The Irishman, bitter during the fight, lost all that ill-feeling when he found that he was defeated and like the brave fellow he was, Fitzgerald, taking the hand of Mendoza and holding it aloft, said:

Mendoza, you've licked me fairly and I may tell you that you are the only man who has ever beaten me or floored me. If in the heat of the moment I may have used offensive expressions to your race, please forgive me. I apologize for the insults.

"You are a great fighter, a true son of the Fancy, a credit to the sport and your race, and I doff my hat to you. I am proud to shake the hand of the bravest and most skillful fighter I've ever met, though that fighter be a Jew!"

That gallant speech was loudly applauded and the combatants chivalrously finished the fistic duel and the party disbanded. But that private mill had its effect on the youth of Dublin, for when the report became public, fight talk seemed to be in the air wherever the sports congregated and fisticuffs became a popular pastime even among the younger lads.

Thus Mendoza's influence on pugislism in the Green Isle was of wide dimensions. Henceforth Ireland developed many great gladiators and much of their success may be traced directly to Mendoza's tour of Ireland.

Famous Fights Recalled

(*Continued from page* 32)

round Weir continued to hold a big lead, but his hands, which had been damaged badly in the sixty-one round bout with Havelin, went back on him and every blow he landed caused him great pain. Murphy at this time was almost completely blinded, and in the twentieth round he pleaded with Referee Billy Myer:—

"Ike's hands are gone on him and he cawn't hit. He's closed my bloomin' eyes and I cawn't see. What's the matter with allowing us to come to grips and make this a wrestling match?"

That of course couldn't be done, and Murphy had to keep on a la Marquis of Queensberry. Gradually Murphy forged to the fore and by the thirtieth round Frank was a favorite in the betting. Weir's hands were so bad that he had to fight defensively principally, though he still continued to do considerable execution with his left.

From the thirtieth to the sixtieth rounds Murphy had the better of the milling. The Spider made a great rally in the sixtieth, sore hands and all. Ripping in savagely at Murphy, Ike battered the Englishman from rope to rope, striving desperately for a knockout. At the bell, however, Frank was still on his feet, while Weir's hands were almost limp from the battering he had done with them.

In the sixty-seventh round Murphy again made a plea to discard the Queensberry code. This time Frank asked the referee to let the men fight according to the old London rules. The short, stocky Murphy knew his big chance lay in coming to grips. Billy's reply was:—

"Go on and fight!"

And so, bloody, bruised and battered, they fought on and on. By the seventy-fifth round they were so spent and exhausted that about all they could do was to stagger to close quarters, lean on one another and weakly whale away. Both were bleeding profusely. Both of Murphy's eyes were closed and his face red and swollen. Weir also was cut up considerably and his knuckles skinned to the bone. There was no quit in either of 'em, however, and they kept smashing and battering away as best they could.

Five o'clock came and went. The sun came up and the light started to steal in the windows of the hall. The bells of the Catholic church pealed the call to early mass.

The owner of the hall called a halt on proceedings. He declared the sheriff might show up at any moment and arrest all hands for violation of the Sabbath law.

An Appeal for Schmeling

(*Continued from page* 18)

and into ring history as that of a champion. Such continued stand on the part of the committee would be an act of folly, as it would hold the committee up to ridicule and to a charge of prejudice.

* * *

LET'S cast aside our prejudices. Let's do justice by the man who didn't ask Jack Sharkey to foul him so that he could win a title that way, no more than did Sharkey ask Referee Gunboat Smith and George F. Kelly, one of the judges, to vote for him, thereby enabling the gob to bring back to America the crown that Schmeling had taken abroad.

Fairness, sportsmanship, and correctness of record are involved and I hope that Messrs. Muldoon, Tunney and their colleagues who have charge of the voting will see to it, when the next session takes place, that not only do they give Sharkey a place on the trophy, but that they add the name of Max Schmeling, a good, clean fighter, to the list that now adorns the statue.

Sharkey stands 100 percent behind this move. In fact, this editorial was inspired by him. When he noticed the name of Schmeling on one of the panels of the belt awarded to him by me, he thanked me profusely for the recognition.

"Now you can do me a favor, something I seldom ask," he said, as he placed the belt in his car for the homeward journey to Boston; "start a campaign to get Max's name on the Muldoon-Tunney trophy. It belongs there. My name and the others on that trophy without his, makes the record incomplete, inaccurate. Do that, Nat, and you'll be doing the right thing."

Business Poor? Not If You Ask Benny Leonard

(*Continued from page* 3)

a tough grind. Nobody who has not been through it can realize how tough. Those first couple of months in the gymnasium were not much fun. I had to go in there and work whether I felt like it or not.

"Hard work in the gymnasium after years of idleness is enough to make a fellow quit unless he grits his teeth. That day-by-day punishment is worse than the punishment a fellow takes in a fight, because in a fight he knows that after it is over he can take a good rest.

"Then there is the mental strain. Are you really going to make good? What will the friends who saw you fight in your heyday think of you when you get in the ring again? Will they laugh or sneer or call you a sap for trying the impossible? I tell you, I did plenty of thinking along those lines.

"Some days in the gymnasium you can't help looking badly against a boy you could have finished in a round with one hand behind your back when you were at your zenith. The hangers-on-watch you struggling with some kid and either laugh or look sympathetic. The sympathy is worse than the ridicule.

"And what experiences in the tank towns on tour! They give you the home town pride to fight. Usually he doesn't know anything, but he is young and strong and determined to make himself a name by knocking out the old champion. You fight in all sorts of arenas, some of them so smoke-filled that it is hard for you to get your breath. You must be on guard at all times for trickery.

"One night my bit, after railroad fares, hotel bills, etc., had been paid amounted to eight dollars. Eight dollars for a tougher fight than the one I had with Lew Tendler when we drew $450,000. It makes a fellow wonder if it really is worth while. All you can do is grit your teeth and stick to it. I can laugh at all those things now, but I felt more like crying at the time.

"WHAT about the fight with McLarnin? Say, I'm going to surprise a lot of people that night, including McLarnin. I'm sure I can beat him. In fact, he will be easier for me to fight than lots of those rough tough kids I have met in the last year. That's because he is an orthodox boxer. When he makes a certain move I will know what he is going to do next and I will make the right move myself. He is a good boxer and you always can tell just about what a good boxer is going to do.

"With those crude, rough kids it was different. They came at me crouching and plunging and throwing punches from positions where a good boxer would never think of starting one. And I always had to be careful not to get hit by one of those stray blows. All I'll have to worry about in the McLarnin fight is his right hand. I've watched him often enough to know his style and I'll know in plenty of time in advance whenever he figures on letting go his right. I don't think he can nail me with it.

"There'll be a lot of satisfaction in beating McLarnin, not only because he stands out as one of the best boys in the game today, but from another angle. Probably you know that Jimmy knocked out Sid Terris in one round, Ruby Goldstein in two and Al Singer in three.

"In a way each of these boys was my protege. I was always pulling for them to win because, like me, they came out of the East Side; because, like me when I was a kid on the East Side, they set out to win the lightweight title. Each of them was referred to by the newspapers boys as 'a-second Leonard.' I hated to see them flattened by McLarnin.

"Ever since I started my comeback there has been in my head the thought that some day I would fight my way to a match with McLarnin and even up the score with him for what he did to Terris, Goldstein and Singer. Believe me, I am going to do my best to hand him the same medicine he handed those kids from the East Side. I have nothing against Jimmy personally. He seems to be a fine fellow in every respect. But I'll get as much kick out of beating him as I did when I won the lightweight championship."

Well, Benny, the army of East Side fight fans will be there to see you make your bid; every one of them that can beg or borrow the price of admission.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 23)

they did a few years back in Luis Firpo and later in Vittorio Campolo. The reason for such interest lies in Gastanaga's marriage to a pretty Argentinian, Senorita Aura Serrano, a favorite dancer. She is an accomplished tangoist and it is said that she and "Izzy" will soon go on in a vaudeville act.

Gastanaga, the rage of the younger set of heavies, has a colorful background and should prove a big attraction this winter. He was a stonecutter and wood chopper before he decided on a fistic career and like Paulino, who was born only a few miles from "Izzy's" home, he is a most powerful fellow. He knocked out Gypsy Daniels shortly after Gypsy had put the haymaker across on Max Schmeling. He has had fifty-five fights to date of which he won forty-four by knockouts. A most impressive record, especially so, in view of the fact that twenty-four were scored in the first round. He has been fighting five years, the last two of which were spent in Argentina, where Luis Firpo aided his instructions.

AMERICA regained the world supremacy in amateur boxing at the Olympic Games, despite the winning of only two finals by Uncle Sam's boys. Eddie Flynn, star welter from New Orleans, a college student and Carmen Barth, middleweight, were the successful entries, Flynn beating Eric Campe of Germany and Barth taking Amado Azar of Argentine into camp. These victories, coupled with three third places, proved sufficient to defeat the Argentine team for first place in the team standing. South Africa was third with Germany, fourth.

The Olympics produced keen competition and thrilling fights, but the judging came in for considerable panning. This was particularly true in the final bouts.

That the foreigners scored heavily in the tourney, was no surprise. While the amateur sport in this country has been sadly neglected, in Germany, France, Italy, Argentina and South Africa, amateur boxing is indulged in even more so than professional. The scoring of a third place by the Phillipines, when Jose Villaneuva beat Joe Lang of San Francisco, was welcome news, as it was the first time the Filipinoes have ever scored in Olympic boxing.

The big surprise was the failure of Italy, winner of the Olympic team laurels four years ago at Amsterdam, to win a final. South Africa and Argentina shared the honors with Uncle Sam in two victories each, and Canada and Hungary took the other two titles. It was the first time since 1924 that South Africa had won a crown and the meet also marked the return to America in the titular class as not one championship had been won by the United States four years ago. The American victory is another feather in the cap of Spike Webb, chief coach. The new Olympic victors follow:

Flyweight—Steve Enekes, Hungary

Bantamweight—Horace "Lefty" Gwynne, Canada.

Featherweight—Carmelo Robledo, Argentina.

Lightweight—Lawrence Stevens, South Africa.

Welterweight—Edward Flynn, United States.

Middleweight—Carmen Barth, United States.

Light-heavyweight — David Carstens, South Africa.

Heavyweight—Santiago Lovell, Argentina.

Not All Wrestlers Are Mastodons

(*Continued from page* 19)

has straddled and on which he sits.

Lately Nichols has shown mostly in the South, and a commission calling itself the Mid-West Association has held a tournament in which Mynster won top honors from Banaski and the right to call himself the Mid-West Association champ. Nichols, however, is still recognized, the country over, as the champion. At the present writing Reynolds is also recognized as head of the welter division, although he has retired so many times in the last few years that one is never sure whether he is in or out.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Edith Bennett, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What has become of Charley Johnson? What was the result of his last fight?

A.—Johnson is still in New York. He trains at the St. Nicholas Rink. He lost the decision to Sherman at the St. Nicholas Club last winter.

E. J. Leonard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Is Joe Nelson still active in the ring? Where can I reach him? How was he rated?

A.—Nelson has retired. Get him at Max Hoff's Gym, 6 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ray Clayton

Q.—How do you rate Darky Griffin who fought some years back?

A.—He was a good fighter.

Q.—Were Kid Beebe and Charley Sieger ever top notchers?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Did Dal Hawkins have a greater left hand than Benny Leonard?

A.—Yes. Hawkins had one of the greatest lefts of all times.

Q.—Of all the middleweights, whom would you rate the best?

A.—Fitzsimmons.

Q.—How do you rate Lew Feldman?

A.—See Eddie Borden's Ratings of Boxers. He ranks him in this issue.

Mary Miller, Indianapolis, Ind.

Q.—I'm interested in boxing and wrestling for women. Won't you let us have a page on women wrestlers and boxers?

A.—No, sorry, Miss Miller. That is contrary to our policy.

Q.—Are there any professional women boxers and wrestlers who perform regularly?

A.—Yes, but they are in vaudeville.

Q.—Are there any laws against women competing in those sports?

A.—Yes. None of the boxing commissions through this country permit women to engage in boxing and wrestling at public exhibitions.

Q.—What has become of Alice Kaufman who used to write on "Woman in Sports," for the Police Gazette?

A.—Sorry I don't know. Perhaps she will see this and tell us.

Harry Levine, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Is Abe Attell's brother, Monte, still alive?

A.—Yes, he is in San Francisco where he conducts a newsstand. He is blind.

Mary Allen, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Do you know where I can obtain John L. Sullivan's story of his life, written by himself about twenty years ago?

A.—No, the book is out of print. The only Sullivan book now available is "The Life of Sullivan" by Dibble, which sells for $3.50, but is being sold now by The Ring Book Shop for $1.50. It is a book worth while reading and only a few copies remain.

Harold Smits, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Is feinting important in boxing.

A.—It is a most important part of your boxing. See the chapter on feinting in "How to Box" by Nat Fleischer.

Thomas Ryan, Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—My right foot is half an inch smaller than my left. I am a clever boxer and have won eight amateur fights in a row but find that I am handicapped by my condition. How can I gain that half an inch?

A.—There are plenty of good exercises that you can take which, if the physical condition of your foot can stand it, would equalize the length of your feet. However, I would much prefer that you see your doctor and have him prescribe the exercises. You might apply to the Hospital for Joint Diseases, Madison Avenue and 124th Street, N. Y. City, and there is also a fine physical culture director in Joe Pilates' Studio, Eighth Avenue and 54th Street, whose exercises would gain the half inch for you. See him.

Charles Webster, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Is a fighter permitted to have grease on his body?

A.—Not according to the rules but this is often violated, the seconds putting vaseline on the fighter's face.

Marty Collins, New York City

Q.—How can I develop a good punch?

A.—Punch the big and light bag. Shadow box. Get "Training for Boxing" and "How to Box" and study thoroughly.

Jack Kelly, Charlotte, N. C.

Q.—In what round did Tunney cut Dempsey's eye? At what count could Tunney have gotten up in the Soldiers' Field bout had he wanted to?

A.—Eighth. That is problematical. There is no way of telling whether Tunney could have gotten up earlier. The pictures prove otherwise.

Harry Thomas, Jamaica, L. I.

Q.—How can I improve my footwork?

A.—By shadow boxing and rope skipping. Get "Training for Boxing" and study the chapter on shadow boxing in "How to Box."

Charles Dailey, Winnipeg, Canada.

Q.—Is it true that Gene Tunney fouled Carpentier in their battle at the Polo Grounds, as Nat Fleischer intimates in his great book, "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," page 43? If so, why didn't Carpentier press the point?

A.—Nat Fleischer doesn't say that Tunney committed a foul. He specifically says that Carpentier was dropped in the fourteenth from a blow in the body which Georges claimed was low. As a matter of fact, Georges later declared that the punch itself was fair but that Gene sank his knee into Carpentier's groin as he delivered the blow and thereby committed a foul. The pictures of the fight prove Carpentier's contention.

Frank De Sola, Des Moines, Iowa.

Q.—Can any person become a second? What are the qualifications?

A.—Yes, provided you are qualified. I suggest that you read "How to Second a Boxer," by Nat Fleischer.

Manny Travis, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—I sprint a mile and walk a mile every day before training but get a stitch in my side. What is wrong with me?

A.—Read the Revised Edition of Training for Boxers. You'll find that fully covered.

Franklin Rodney, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Is throwing a twelve pound stone for fifteen minutes daily a good exercise for developing the muscles of the shoulders?

A.—If you can stand the punishment. I would prefer to see you follow the exercises in Nat Fleischer's "Revised Training for Boxers" and Earle Liederman's "Muscle Building."

Thomas Jarvis, Canton, Ohio

Q.—Can you describe the Full Nelson Hold in wrestling?

A.—See a copy of Jack Curley's "Modern Wrestling."

Harry Feinberg, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—From what did Harry Greb die?

A.—An eye ailment.

Marjorie Fleming, Pawtucket, R. I.

Q.—Is Jack McAuliffe still alive?

A.—Yes, very much so. He is still in vaudeville and occasionally writes for a syndicate.

Harvey O'Connell, Sioux City, Iowa.

Q.—Did Bill Brady ever manage Jeffries or only Corbett?

A.—Both. First Corbett and then Jeffries—both when they won the title.

Thomas Harland, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—What was Rocky Kansas real name and when was he born?

A—Rocco Tozze, Buffalo, April 21, 1895.

J. W. Price, Mouctoa, N. B.

Q.—Who among the following, was best? Name them in the order you would select:

Frank P. Slavin, Sam Langford, Tom Sharkey, Joe Goddard and Luther McCarthy.

A.—Langford, Goddard, Sharkey, Slavin and McCarthy.

Q.—In what country is the immortal Bob Fitzsimmons buried? What cemetery? Is it a Jewish, Catholic, Protestant or Lutheran cemetery?

A.—In this country. In a Protestant cemetery. He became ill from pneumonia while on a vaudeville tour in Chicago on September 17, 1917, and died in that city five days later.

Francis Gordon, Cairns, North Queensland, Australia.

Q.—What, in your opinion, would have been the outcome of a bout between the great middleweights. Les Darcy and Stanley Ketchel? and between Darcy and Fitsimmons?

A.—A Darcy-Ketchel bout would have been a humdinger. Both were good men but I think that Ketchel's tremendous, powerful hitting, would have upset the Australian. I likewise think that Darcy would have been beaten down by Fitzsimmons, who in my opinion, would also have conquered Ketchel. Darcy was a great fighter, but not sufficiently good to cope with such stars as Fitz or Ketchel.

Michael Giaziano, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

Q.—Of the three, Pete Sanstol, Emil Pladner and Eugene Huat, who, in your opinion is the best?

A.—Sanstol.

Lawson Trotter, Jr., Pilot Mountain, N. C.

Q.—Why was it that when Dempsey fouled Sharkey, Sharkey lost and when Sharkey fouled Schmeling, Sharkey also lost?

A.—In the first case the referee said he didn't see a foul and he had sole jurisdiction. In the second, the referee didn't see a foul nor did one of the judges, but the other judge did and as he had jurisdiction to so say to the referee, that official awarded the fight to Schmeling.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

JUST before the finish of the outdoor season, three upsets occurred that gave the fans something to digest and a pleasant outlook for winter prospects. Stanley Poreda, young Jersey heavyweight, came through with a victory over Primo Carnera in Newark—somewhat disputed, but nevertheless officially declared the victor—Lou Brouillard stepped into New York and gave Jimmy McLarnin a thorough trouncing while Isadore Gastanaga, South American heavyweight, electrified the New York audience by scoring a sensational one-round knockout over Charley Retzlaff. Gastanaga showed greatly improved form over his initial start in this section.

Heading the heavyweight action comes Stanley Poreda with his win over Primo Carnera. Carnera kayoed Jimmy Hannah in five sessions. Owen Phelps whipped Freddy Heinz twice. Rosy Rosales drew with Al Stillman. Willie Feldman scored over Trader Horn and Abie Bain whipped Freddy Fiducia.

In the middleweight class, Vince Dundee scored over Ken Overlin. Sammy Kid Slaughter showed progress in his two knockouts over Angel Cliville and Paul Pirrone. Cliville disposed of Willie Oster in four rounds. Ben Jeby kayoed Nick Palmer in four rounds and Leo Larrivee in one. Larrivee was also kayoed by Ad Zackow in two sessions. Palmer disposed of Mickey Taylor in eight heats. Gorilla Jones finished Jack December in two rounds. Young Terry whipped Bucky Lawless. Marty Sampson defeated Larry Larinucci and kayoed Jack Moran in four rounds. Jack Kilbourne stopped Vincent Forgione in seven rounds. Tommy Freeman finished Tiger Joe Randall in the sixth. Vincent Sereci whipped Billy Kohut and Eddie Kid Whalen kayoed Al Paladino in eight rounds.

Lou Brouillard brought some life into the welterweight division through his impressive victory over Jimmy McLarnin. Young Corbett kayoed Babe Anderson in nine rounds. Eddie Kid Wolfe whipped Dick Sisk but was beaten by Teddy Yarosz. Baby Joe Gans scored over Jay Macedon. Jimmy Phillips kayoed Charley Johnson in one round and drew with Johnny O'Keefe. Freddy Steele defeated Lee Paige. Frank Goosby won from Jimmy Belmont. Morrie Sherman outpointed Frankie Petrolle. Andy Saviola kayoed Bobby Bruno in five rounds. Charley Cobb whipped Warren Frakes and Freddy Polo disposed of Benny Levine in three rounds.

Louis Kid Kaplan started a great comeback campaign in the junior-welterweight class by decisively whipping Frankie Petrolle. Battling Battalino won from Billy Townsend and disposed of Willie Hines in three rounds. Wilbur Stokes won from Manuel Quintero. Jack Portney scored over Eddie Cool. Stanislaus Loayza whipped Harry Carlton but lost the decision to Paul Junior. Joe Glick and Andy Di Vodi went seven rounds in a bout that was declared "no contest." Tommy Grogan scored over Goldie Hess. Wildcat O'Connor whipped Eddie Elkins and Pat Igo. Jimmy Reed won over Toots Bashara.

Tracey Cox shows signs of developing into a menacing figure in the lightweight division. During the month he kayoed Tony Sciolino in one round. Wesley Ramey whipped Charley Raymond and Jackie Pilkington. Pilkington was also beaten by Tony Falco. Battling Gizzy whipped Charley Baxter and Chico Cisneros. Lew Kersch won over Joey Costa and stopped Tony Scarpati in seven rounds.

Barney Ross disposed of Henry Perlick in three rounds. Cecil Payne won from Charley Smith. Tod Morgan won on a foul from Baby Sal Sorio in eight rounds. Eddie Anderson scored over Ray Miller and Allen Whitlow. Battling Shaw defeated Ray Kiser. Eddie Mack stopped Jack Keenan in three rounds. Prince Saunders kayoed Marty Goldman in five rounds.

Kid Chocolate retained his junior lightweight title against the onslaughts of Eddie Shea. Chocolate also defeated Johnny Farr. Roger Bernard drew with Albert Ladou. Mickey Gelb whipped Harry Sankey. Joe Ghnouly scored over Davey Abad.

Fidel La Barba heads the list in the featherweight class. He defeated Varias Milling and stopped Al Citrino in six rounds. Lew Feldman won from Conrad Conde and kayoed Lud Abella in the first session. Freddy Miller won from Hymie Wiseman.

Al Brown was given a delayed decision over Kid Francis which was fought several months ago in Marseilles but decision was withheld to prevent a riot. Brown kayoed Roland Lecuyer in the sixth round. Speedy Dado drew with Canto Robleto and then whipped him. He also scored over Rodolfo Taglia. Emile Pladner defeated Newsboy Brown. Young Tommy whipped Joe Tieken.

Ross Fields defeated Juan Cruz. Cruz won over Carlo Mazzolo. Willie Davies won from Babe Triscaro and Matt Liskin but was beaten by Mose Butch. Eddie Reed won from Lew Farber. Bobby Leitham scored over Pete De Grasse. Harry Fierro outpointed Johnny Mitchell.

Midget Wolgast preserved his lead in the flyweight class by winning over Young Tommy. Little Pancho scored over Benny Gallup and Babe Triscaro whipped Frankie Wolfram.

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Johnny Ladoa, New York City.
Bantamweight—Al Roth, New York City.
Featherweight—Paul Dazzo, Chicago, Ill.
Junior-Lightweight—Jack Rose, New York City.
Lightweight—Joey Ferrando, Ashtabula, Ohio.
Junior-Welterweight—Billy Hogan, Piermont, N. Y.
Welterweight—Jack King, Little Rock, Ark.
Middleweight—Jimmy Coyne, Yonkers, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Bonito Garcia, Cuba.
Heavyweight—Al Ettore, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

The following are my ratings for the month ending August 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Sammy Fuller
1—Max Schmeling	Billy Jones	Vince Dundee	Lou Brouillard	Billy Petrolle
2—Stanley Poreda	Lew Scozza	Frank Battaglia	Young Corbett	Jackie Kid Berg
3—Johnny Risko	Adolph Heuser	Sammy Slaughter	Johnny Indrisano	Louis Kid Kaplan
4—Ernie Schaaf	Al Gainer	Dave Shade	Teddy Yarosz	Battling Battalino
5—Mickey Walker	Ham Jenkins	Gorilla Jones	Jimmy McLarnin	Tony Herrera
6—Isadore Gastanaga	Joe Knight	Ben Jeby	Eddie Kid Wolfe	Orie Mosher
7—Larry Gains	Harry Ebbets	Young Terry	King Tut	Paul Junior
8—Primo Carnera	Bob Godwin	Ad Zackow	Baby Joe Gans	Stanislaus Loayza
9—Max Baer	Bob Olin	Marty Sampson	Jimmy Phillips	Jack Portney
10—Tommy Loughran	George Nichols	Norman Conrad	Morrie Sherman	Wildcat O'Connor

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Johnny Jadick	Benny Bass	Fidel La Barba	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Al Foreman	Nel Tarleton	Pete Sanstol	Little Pancho
3—Sammy Fuller	Roger Bernard	Lew Feldman	Emile Pladner	Young Perez
4—Lew Massey	Eddie Shea	Tommy Paul	Newsboy Brown	Babe Triscaro
5—Tracey Cox	Joey Costa	Freddy Miller	Young Tommy	Valentin Anglemann
6—Wesley Ramey	Joe Ghnouly	Albert Ladou	Baby Arizmendi	Jackie Brown
7—Harry Dublinsky	Chico Cisneros	Kid Francis	Ross Fields	Mariano Arilla
8—Barney Ross	Davey Abad	Johnny Pena	Mose Butch	Mickey McGuire
9—Battling Gizzy	Miki Gelb	Frankie Wallace	Eugene Huat	Maurice Huguenin
10—Lew Kersch	Harry Sankey	Varias Milling	Cris Pineda	Phil Tobias

whipped Hans Birkie and kayoed Jerry Pavelic in five rounds and Jack Gagnon in one. Johnny Risko continued his good work by winning from Tuffy Griffiths. Ernie Schaaf scored over Ted Sandwina. Isadore Gastanaga stamped himself a heavyweight threat with his one-round kayo over Charley Retzlaff. Retzlaff disposed of Paul Pantaleo in nine sessions. Jack Redman kayoed Pedro Lopez in three rounds and won from Pietro Corri.

Young Stribling disposed of Jack Renault in five rounds. Larry Johnson won over George Pavlick and was kayoed by Tiger Jack Fox in twelve rounds. Tony Galento finished Red Boyette in four rounds. Arthur De Kuh whipped Seal Harris and kayoed Teddy Jackson in four rounds. Ray Impellitierre stopped Jose Santa in nine rounds. Marty Fox kayoed Tony De Stefano in three rounds and Leo Mitchell in two. Walter Cobb finished Chester Matan in five rounds and Maxie Pink whipped Georgie Hoffman.

Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight ruler, took part in two overweight matches, whipping Joe Barlow and Bob Godwin. Norman Conrad surprised by winning over Harry Ebbets, but lost to Dave Shade. Ebbets turned in kayos over Muggs Kerr and Chris Karchi in three rounds each. Joe Knight disposed of Terry Roberts in one round. Al Gainer stepped into the light-heavyweight picture by knocking out George Courtney in nine rounds.

Ham Jenkins scored over George Nichols. Charley Belanger disposed of Jimmy Slattery in two rounds and Eddie Dorian in six. Roy Wallace won from Jess Akers. John Henry Lewis

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By WITMER EBERLE

AFTER being absent from the resined circle for six months, the Connecticut Black Panther, Al Gainer, rocked George Courtney, of Oklahoma, to sleep in the ninth round of George Mulligan's first show at the White City Stadium, New Haven. Upwards of 3,000 customers saw the show. It is expected Gainer will feature in plenty of New Haven bouts this fall and winter.

What caused the two knockouts suffered by Leo Larrivee, of Waterbury, former New England middleweight champion, in two fights in a week? Nutmeg and Bay State fans would like to know. Ben Jeby started the downfall in New York city when he flattened Leo in the first round of a recent fight. The next Thursday night at Boston, Ad Zachow, of Dover, N. H., sent the Brass City fighter sprawling for the count of ten in two rounds and took away Larrivee's crown.

Bat Battalino is on his way back to better things. He showed metropolitan fans his punch is still the same when he gained a 10-round verdict over Billy Townsend, Vancouver welterweight at Ebbets field. The Hartford battler had Townsend down for the count of seven in the fourth round.

Lou Brouillard, booked as a Worcester, Mass., boxer, really comes from Danielson, Conn. He created a sensation when he beat Jimmy McLarnin, former coast welterweight, in 10 rounds.

Amateur boxing and wrestling is holding its own in the outdoor arenas. Dick Gray is running amateurs weekly at New Haven. Al Caroly is presenting the simon-pures at Stamford and Hartford is also fertile soil for the youngsters who fight for prizes and glory. Danbury held a benefit open air show which lost money for the promoters.

Along *the* Great Fite Way

By EDDIE BORDEN

DUE to the comments printed in this column last month regarding the apparent deficiency exhibited by certain officials in the State of Pennsylvania, we received many letters commenting upon the unfairness and in some instances approving the censure which was thrust upon those officials.

The latest instance of judicial incompetence was that shown by Joe Mangold in giving an official decision to Stanley Poreda over Primo Carnera in Newark, when in the eyes of the unbiased spectators, Carnera had rightfully earned the verdict by a good margin.

Now that the eyes of the boxing commissioners are slanting towards their own officials and picking their flaws, they are taking a look in the right direction. Invariably, it is the attitude of these commissions "continually to harp on the seeming wrong that is done by managers and fighters and neglecting all the damage perpetrated by their own selected staff.

Gunboat Smith started this epic with that fromageous decision to Sharkey over Schmeling and instead of the foul epidemic that infested the boxing game several years ago, the vogue of poor verdicts seems to have taken its place. It is impossible to be in more than one place at one time, hence it is impossible on occasion to judge just whether a decision is bad or not. But when you happen to see it with your own eyes and you are a witness to such proceedings, it is time to step out and declare yourself.

In this review, there are no axes to grind. Merely a resume of some fights that were within seeing distance and others where unanimous opinion lends credence to the belief that a bad decision was rendered. THE RING is unbiased at all times. We strive to please. Our criticism is constructive.

Elmer "Slim" McClelland, of Detroit, enjoys the reputation of being one of the country's foremost referee's but it happened to be our good fortune to witness a few where his judgment was not so keen—Several years ago, we saw Sammy Dorfman give Patsy Ruffalo a thorough licking and win six out of six rounds yet McClelland did not hesitate in raising Ruffalo's hand as the winner—Two years ago, Wesley Ramey and Herman Perlick engaged in a bitter scrap at Kalamazoo which was as even as ever a fight could be fought—McClelland gave the award to Ramey and declared after the fight that he thought it was a good draw, but he didn't believe in calling any fight a draw—A few weeks ago, Eddie Kid Wolfe and Teddy Yarosz fought a hurricane battle in Detroit and McClelland decided that Yarosz was the victor—Each of the Detroit newspapers the next day thought that Wolfe earned the fight by a shade and in our opinion the fight could have been nothing but a draw, yet McClelland gave his opinion, which officially went as a victory for Yarosz—This despite the fact that it was a palpably unfair decision.

There are detriments to all games and some so-called managers are of considerable hindrance to boxing progress—A manager cannot become a shoemaker or a tailor overnight, and by the same token, the business of managing fighters should be left to those who have made this a life study—Managers like Jimmy Bronson, Sammy Goldman, Jack Kearns, Joe Jacobs, Dan Morgan, Tommy Walsh, Doc Bagley and others who have spent twenty years or more in this game, did not learn the intricate study in a day—It is a science, this business of managing fighters successfully, and a man appointed on the boxing commission as a political favor and allowed to dictate to experienced followers of this game is more than a farce—It is really tragic—Unfortunately, they are gifted with certain power in their own locality and they make it as miserable as possible, for no reason whatever, as if they were playing with a new toy—The taxes accumulated through boxing revenue can hardly be treated as a joke and those who are responsible for this income should be given more consideration than they are usually given.

Second only to the Sharkey-Schmeling affair, was the Schmeling and Mickey Walker affair—An excellent match with everything considered—Good styles for a great fight and plenty of publicity value on both sides—Kearns pitting his genius against Joe Jacobs and a shrewd ballyhoo manipulator, Jimmy Johnston, promoting the affair—Matches like this will bring back the days of prosperity and only matches that will pit the best of each class against one another—The day of a top-notcher fighting a sucker is passe and the fight fan is more intelligent than he was a few years ago—The Canzoneri-Petrolle bout, which would have attracted a tremendous gate, was laid aside for the time being and Tony prefers meeting Petrolle than the next best opponent—Canzoneri's only interest in boxing lies in the danger that a dangerous fight will provide—Petrolle will furnish the thrills and Canzoneri will have to attain physical perfection to retain his lightweight laurels.

The sight of Jimmy McLarnin being humiliated by Lou Brouillard affords a lesson that one cannot overlook and makes one reflect upon how good McLarnin really was when he was bowling over the opposition—He always enjoyed the weight advantage in his bouts but a fourteen-month layoff and meeting a rough, rugged southpaw of his poundage for the first time in his career was too much of a handicap for Jimmy to overcome—McLarnin has been troubled with bad hands for the past few years and his appetite for thrills and glory has diminished— Brouillard is not a good fighter but is awkward, strong and a difficult man to fight—To fight Brouillard right is to match him punch for punch and back him up, but Jimmy tried his own method and it was sadly lacking—Louis Kid Kaplan made a great comeback by trouncing Frankie Petrolle on the same program—Kaplan is only fighting because of financial embarrassment, and we have the greatest admiration for his efforts because he asks no quarter and is willing to fight anyone that the promoter offers, without looking for propositions—Kaplan is a real credit to boxing because he always gave his best.

Ben Jeby, although not a Garden fighter, looked like a million bucks when he flattened Leo Larrivee in the first heat—Jeby is local, has a good following and has given the fans plenty of thrills with his fighting—Jeby ranks highly in the middleweight class and should have made more progress had he been given slight encouragement from the local promoters—Lew Kersch, another Ghetto boy, made good when he outpointed Joey Costa in a corking scrap—Kersch retired for two years but has been showing signs of activity, and Costa was the toughest obstacle he has hurdled to date—A few local boys who keep winning will bring out the following, and the Jewish race has never been accused of deserting a winner—Adolph Heuser, German light-heavyweight, is expected over here shortly and Johnny Buckley is getting ready for a campaign that will wind up with a match with Maxey Rosenbloom.

Gus Wilson is going around these days with a broad smile on his face—The reason: Billy Hogan, former amateur lightweight, and a corking prospect—Billy has engaged in a few pro bouts and looks like the goods—Tracey Cox, hard-hitting Indianapolis lightweight, keeps bowling over his rivals and there is no sensible reason in keeping him away from New York—He startled the Chicago fans when he put Tony Sciolino, a good, little boxer from Buffalo, away in the first round—There is no stopping that Johnny Risko and he may be lucky enough to finish up with a crack at the heavyweight title—Risko is another type that the fans like because he is always giving his best. His last two victims were Mickey Walker and Tuffy Griffiths—It would be very comforting to get an announcement that the Perlick Twins have retired—They have been going very bad lately and there is no sense in taking punishment needlessly, especially when you can retire—Tony Caragliano broke the winning streak of Charley Bedami.

The latest thrill provider for Manhattan is Isadore Gastanaga, Spain's latest gift to the heavyweight profession—He electrified the fans when he stowed Charley Retzlaff away in the first round—There was no lucky punch attached to this fight and Izzy showed them plenty of stuff before he put over that dynamic left hook—Retzlaff can take comfort in the fact that his erstwhile opponent will do the same to plenty of other heavyweights before he makes his exit—Solly King, his manager, has advanced over Ten Thousand Dollars on behalf of Gastanaga and must be admired for having that much confidence in his charge—Primo Carnera is doing himself a world of good in going through an active campaign and going the full distance instead of bowling over mediocre opposition in one and two rounds—He shows slight improvement with each bout, and while lacking terrific hitting powers, his boxing gets better as he goes along—A New York match that would attract plenty of customers is that between Gastanaga and Carnera—It would never go the full distance.

Paul Dazzo, former Chicago amateur, who has made considerable progress in the professional ranks, losing one fight out of some forty-odd, is anxious to make a New York showing—Morris Goldstein and Babe Barron, who are looking after Paul, are willing to take expenses only for the opportunity of showing his wares in the big city—Marty Fox, Al Weill's hope for heavyweight honors, has turned in two straight knockouts since his comeback—Fox has the best quality for heavy fellows anad that is the knockout wallop—Dan Caplin is enthused about Albert Ladou holding Roger Bernard to a draw in Montreal—Ladou is only a featherweight and fought around New York under the name of Cles-Mei-Deig—He is an Algerian—Gene Delmont is making his headquarters at the Dells, Chicago, if any of his friends are interested—Chicago is all het up over Sammy Kid Slaughter, negro middleweight find, of Bud Taylor's—Taylor retired and fell into luck by taking over a boy who is destined to create ring history.

Jimmy Cohen subjected his brother, Jack, to a terrific licking for the Victoria Hotel championship—Referee Eddie Levine stopped the bout to save Jack further punishment—Morrie Sherman renewed his easter campaign by starting off with a victory over Frankie Petrolle—Frankie got off to a good start by whipping Battalino twice but hasn't fared well since.

Jackie Kid Berg is vacationing in England and may step into another Chocolate match if the Kid decides to visit Europe—Boo Boo Hoff has a good heavyweight prospect in Al Ettore—Tony Falco left Phil Glassman and the best local match of Philadelphia presents itself between Falco and the star of the Glassman stable, Benny Bass—Scotty Monteith is suffering some bad breaks in Detroit but with his usual optimism expects to overcome same by giving them some unusually enticing matches.

The Olympic boxing championships were decided and the U. S. group had to be content with two finalists—Here's the complete lineup: Flyweight, Stephen Enekes, Hungary—Bantamweight, Horace Gwynne, Canada—Featherweight, Carmelo Robledo, Argentina—Lightweight, Lawrence Stevens, South Africa—Welterweight, Eddie Flynn, New Orleans—Middleweight, Carmen Barth, Cleveland—Light-heavyweight, David Carstens, South Africa—Heavyweight, Santiago Lovell, Argentina—Louis Salica was considered the prime favorite before the meeting but was eliminated by the Hungarian in the semi-final round—Jimmy Carres, of Chicago, is promoting shows in Wilmington, Del.—Paulino Uzcudun sailed for Spain and while not officially declaring his retirement it is almost certain that the Basque will not don the gloves any more.

George Trafton, who gained fame through his knockout over Art Shires and also his entry into the ring against Carnera, without mentioning what happened, is now running the gym in Chicago formerly controlled by Jim Mullen. George, in his spare time, is managing a few boys.

At Mills Stadium, Chicago, boxing is being run by Willard Luzzo, son-in-law of Mique Malloy. The usual procedure is to pay off the entire card on a percentage basis from the four-round opener to the feature event. In this instance, Trafton put a boy on in the opening bout and received one and one-half percent for his services.

Going through four tough rounds, Trafton's protege went into the box office to collect his money and found that his share of the purse was $6.78 on a percentage basis. The Commission had stepped in and took $5 for a boxer's license and also $1 for an N. B. A. card. The promoter did not have the heart to pay off in pennies, so gave him $4, making it a total of $10 for the bout. The fighter in turn handed the money to Trafton for settlement.

Trafton had to use Solomonesque judgment in this transaction. A trainer had rubbed the fighter for the entire week and was awaiting his pay so Trafton tossed a coin to decide whether the trainer would receive fifty cents or one dollar for his services—George, in a decidedly benevolent mood, waived his percentage for that particular scrap.

With no clubs drawing any money around the Metropolitan district it was only proper for the New York State Athletic Commission to waive one of the pet rules and allow a champion to engage in non-title matches in this state. Canzoneri and Rosenbloom were given that permission. The rule of a champion defending his title every six months is still strictly enforced and as long as he breaks no rules it gives the local promoter a chance to benefit by the appearance of a champion on the card. It seems to be the favorite pastime to keep picking on the Commission. We are strictly with the boys in the game, including managers, promoters and boxers. Commissions are not entirely necessary and at the present time they happen to be an expensive burden thrust upon boxing which can be dispensed with.

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SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By JAMES J. MANNION

BOBBY BLAY and Bobby Delaney, in their third meeting, provided a regular classic of Stoush. The records of Fistiana are graced with few greater battles than that which (we hope) ended the long-standing feud between these two boys. Blay definitely proved his superiority over Delaney; and each showed himself to be 100% plus as a mittslinger.

The Stribling has strutted his stuff—or some of it—for the benefit of local fans. His first opponent here was the Australian champion, Ambrose Palmer, who, apart from being 16 pounds lighter, is far below Strib in the matter of class and experience. Without overexerting himself, W. L. won by a knockout in ten rounds. Strib was frequently cautioned by Referee George Wallis, and the crowd did not hand him any bouquets for his casual performance. The gate was said to be £4,000, or thereabouts.

Clyde Chastain and Tony Gora, two of the N. S. C. A.'s importations, put over a good show when they clashed in a 15-rounder. The American took a close decision from Hawaiian Tony, who has improved considerably since he lost to Ambrose Palmer.

Stribling's second Australian contest found Frankie Wine in the opposite corner. Billy fought better than in his first start, but can improve plenty yet. He took the nod from Wine. But surely this is not the Stribling who went nearly fifteen rounds with Max Schmeling last year? What a difference one little year makes!

Phil Schlossberg has arrived in Sydney with a cargo of cauliflower. Besides those previously mentioned, local market gardeners can talk to the union about Jack Renault, Johnny Freeman, Adolf Heintz, Colored Al Walker, and Tiger Jack Payne (heavies), and Cecil Kid Como (lightweight). .

Rus Critcher attempted to regain the welter (Australian) title from Billy ("Blue") Jones, but was not equal to the occasion. After a willing first round he faded away, and Jones took the points. Now that Blay is a welter, the division should pick up some lost prestige. Jack Carroll is generally compelled to live on love instead of glove, through lack of opposition. Well, there's some opposition there now, take it from me.

Ron Richards, Queensland's original sensation, gives every indication of going a long way in the middleweight ranks. His latest efforts resulted in a points victory over Billy Richards, and a much-disputed loss to the same Billy in a return contest. Ron appeared to win by a big margin, but the referee thought otherwise.

Boxing is still in the vicinity of Prosperity Street in Western Australia. Interstate contests are becoming almost regular enough to be monotonous. . . . Les Ferris, since going to Perth, has recorded brilliant wins over Joe Blake and the W. A. bantam champion, Snowy Clarke. He knocked out Clarke in 14 rounds. . . . Jack O'Brien won on points from Jack Heeney. . . . Danny Ryan was the ref's choice in both of his matches with Jim Richardson; but James was too good for Harry Lister, whom he defeated per T. K. O. in eight rounds. . . . A 15-rounder between Cyril Pluto and Jack Heeney went to Pluto on points.

In American papers I notice that Jack Kilbourne (alias Herman Bundren) claims the Australian middle, cruiser, and heavyweight titles. Fred Hannaberry is our middleweight champ, and Palmer ruler of the heavies; the cruiser title is vacant. Kilbourne was not eligible to fight for an Australian championship, and never did fight for one. And as for beating Ambrose Palmer—well, he couldn't make a decent match of it on any of the three occasions on which they clashed. Palmer was quite a few classes above Kilbourne. Even when allowance is made for improvement, if Kilbourne is worthy of No. 8 position in THE RING'S rankings, Palmer should be at least No. 3, with Hannaberry also among the first ten. The same applies to Carroll and Blay in the welter ratings. Australian boys improve, too; so Jack Kilbourne is not on his own in that respect.

Ern Evans, bantam king, is not wasting his "swatness" on the desert air. . . .During the month he knocked out Spider Roach in seven, Billy McAlister (former champ) in one, and Young Heeney in four. . . . Good work.

SMALL FRY:—Billy Grime, homeward bound from Perth, dropped in and gave Adelaide the once over . . . he met Charlie Mitchell over 15 rounds and lost . . . a woeful affair. . . . Another one-round K. O. was presented to Ted Morgan (N. Z.) when he faced Bobby Stone. . . . Dave Singleton (13.3) outpointed Pat George in 10, and knocked out Pat Coates in five. . . . Young Gildo lost to Darkie Blandon in 12. . . . A lad who was a mild sensation last year, and is just another fighter today—George Laver—outpointed Sid McCue in Brisbane, recently.

May I hand the palm to Bill Miller for his RING articles on Filipino boxers? . . . They're great stuff. . . . Featherweight champ, Young Llew Edwards, outpointed Jimmy Kelso in a good ten-rounder . . . Llew is not suffering from overwork, and a little extra might be a wise move before tackling Bobby Delaney. . . . Pat Appleton K. O.'ed Jim Meighan in three, and lost on points to Jimmy Pearce. . . .Rus Critcher won on points from Bert Malcolm in a twelve-rounder. . . .Les Ferris is still anxious to make the U. S. A. trip, provided he can get a good manager over there . . . failing that, he intends to try England. . . . Adios! . . .

Address me: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

WALTER COBB and K.O. Christner fought a slow ten-rounder at Carlin's Park in Baltimore. Reds Barry, of Washington, and Al Houghton fought a very fast semi-final and possibly made the windup look slow. Will Mathews took the measure of Mel Sheppard in the main prelim. A good sized crowd was on hand to witness the matches arranged by Pete Moran, of Philadelphia.

Danny Russell, of Salisbury, Md., and Phil Roselli, of Wilmington, Del., fought before the largest house ever to attend a boxing show on the eastern shore recently at Ocean City, Md., with Russell winning by the K.O. route.

Jimmy Reed, Washington's latest fistic sensation continued his winning ways by decisively beating Maxie Straub at the Twin City Arena, Laurel, Md. Sammy Britt, Washington middleweight, knocked out Young Van, also of Washington, in less than two minutes.

Nick Antonelli, Washington featherweight, and Jimmy Tramberia, of Baltimore, fought one of the roughest bouts seen in these parts in many a day at the Portner Arena in Alexandria with Jimmy winning the award. Joe Chaney made a successful comeback in winning over Don Whitlock in the semi-final. Benny Toothman took the nod over Roma Labona, Doug Swetman bested Soldier Portier and Sammy Hogan drew with Young Raspi.

Tootsie Bashara lost the duke to Jimmy Reed at Virginia Beach in a very exciting match. Sammy Braunstein lost a close one to Tommy Bashara in the eight-round semi-final. Doug Swetman lost to Jackie Simpson in the feature prelim.

Benny Schwartz finally took the measure of Billy Landers at the Twin City Arena. On two previous occasions Landers took much disputed dukes over Benny. Nick Antonelli won by a technical kayo over Sammy Romano in five rounds.

Jackie Portney, Baltimore lightweight, scored an impressive win over Eddie Cool at Atlantic City and decisively defeated Tommy Liberto at York, Pa. Portney is now under the management of Max Waxman, of Newark.

Vince Dundee had an easy time with Ken Oberlin at Virginia Beach.

Bingo Joe Banovic won a ten-round decision over Jimmy DeCapua at the Twin City Arena. Sammy Britt again flattened Young Van in less than two minutes, and thereby satisfied the fans that his one-round knockout over Van a week previous was not a fluke. Roddy Davis bested Billy Essinger in six rounds. Johnny Mays won a close nod over Sailor Leonard in four rounds.

Ray Bowen, Washington lightweight, and Tug Phillips, of Erie, Pa., fought one of the best bouts of the year at the Twin City Arena, with Tug getting the decision. In the final eight-rounder Jimmy Reed got up off the floor to take the duke over Ray Collins of Erie, Pa.

Pickups: Jimmy Reed continues to beat all opposition imported by the promoters at the Twin City Arena.

Lew Raymond, the Baltimore welterweight, is anxious for a shot at Jimmy Reed.

Arthur DeBeve, former lightweight champion of France, appeared in a four-round preliminary at the Twin City Arena and looked good in winning from Leroy Zinkham. Other former stars of this vicinity making comebacks are Joe Chaney and Bobby Garcia. Kid Williams, former bantam champ, is also training in hopes of a comeback. Williams points to Benny Leonard who was the lightweight champ when the kid ruled the bantams and says he can do as well as Benny.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

BOXING, as concerns the Bay State and vicinity, continues to be confined almost exclusively to Boston and West Springfield with the active field limited almost entirely to two promoters. In The Hub, Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A. continues to fly the flag of optimism, while up at West Springfield, Homer Raineault is keeping the sport alive.

Here in Boston, the big event of the month, was the winning of the New England middleweight title by Ad Zachow of Dover, N. H., a boy 19 years old, who has yet to finish with his school books, from Leo Larivee of Waterbury, Conn., by a knockout in the second round. This affair, staged by Promoter Mack at Braves Field, in connecting with a Boston Allied Printers' Trade carnival, attracted more than 10,000 fans, the largest fistic gathering thus far for the season.

The defeat of Larivee, particularly by a kayo, was a surprise to many, all despite a fine record of four successive kayos which Zachow had scored in recent weeks. It was thought that Leo knew too much for the Dover kid, and, perhaps under ordinary conditions such might have been so. However, Larivee had hardly recovered from the effects of being kayoed by Ben Jeby in New York, also his several tough fights, even though winning ones, with Piazza.

Zachow's next opponent may or may not be Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., a former Malden, Mass., boy whose name has frequently appeared in THE RING. Conrad is an extremely busy chap—has fought all over New England, and has met with very few reverses. A few weeks ago he met and defeated Leo Salvas of Berlin, N. H., in a Keene, N. H., ring, thus settling all further argument as to the ownership of the Granite State middleweight title. Prior to that Conrad whipped Marshall at West Springfield, thus winning Rudy's share in the N. E. title, but two weeks later fought the colored boy in the latter's home state and lost his new laurels. After persistently challenging Larivee for months, a week ago Conrad took on Harry Ebbetts of Brooklyn at West Springfield, a chap heavier than himself, and outpointed him in ten rounds.

The Boston Garden continues in the "Nothing Doing" column as regards boxing activity, but it broke into print very recently when at a meeting of the directors, at which President William F. Carey of the N. Y. Garden was present, the resignation of Dick Dunn, the manager, was received and accepted. Coming here about three years ago from Detroit, Dunn took over a tough job, and seemingly made very good. His decision, therefore, to step down and out, came as a surprise. In his letter of resignation Dunn stated that he was interested in other lines of promotion, also that he planned to remain in Boston. His successor has yet to be selected. There is a possibility that Sheldon Fairbanks, former manager at the Garden, may again take up the reins.

After an absence of fully six years from Boston rings, Maxie Rosenbloom, claimant of the world's light-heavy title, whipped Joe Barlow of Roxbury, a Dan Carroll protege, in a 10-rounder at Fenway Park. Threatening weather held the attendance down to not more than 3,000. The fight, a very good one, saw the champion come through the winner by a good margin.

A feature bout between Eddie Reed of Hartford, Conn., and Lew Farber of Brooklyn, resulted in a technical aftermath which for several days received far more publicity than the bout itself. At the end of their ten-rounder, the referee, after looking at the slips of the judges, told the announcer that Reed had won. The fans were so informed. A half hour or so after the tourney, a sports writer, in examining the ballots, found that a draw verdict had been the intention of the ring officials. The attention of the referee was called to this fact and he admitted that he had made a mistake.

So, it was decided that the bout should be declared a draw, and this notice was sent to the writers and appeared in their papers next day. The fact that the referee had awarded the bout to Reed, while the papers declared the affair was a draw, started a controversy. A number who had wagered on Reed to win, and had collected their money, refused to pay back on the second and 50-50 ruling. The subject was finally referred to us. We ruled that while the referee may have made a mistake—in fact did make a mistake—that as he had officially announced from the ring that Reed was the winner, and the same had been accepted by the public as correct, his ruling as regards the bout in question was final. What happened an hour later in a club office had nothing to do with the decision—the award once made, whether right or wrong, settled something for all time. Our view was finally accepted as correct. Reed won the fight despite the fact that the newspapers declared the affair a draw.

Paul Junior of Lewiston, Me., lightweight champion of that state and a member of the Johnny Buckley stable, has been twice to bat in recent weeks at West Springfield, and registered a perfect score. He defeated Frankie Faranto of New York in ten hot rounds, and a week later in the same ring gave Stanley Loayza, the Chilian, a drubbing and won the decision.

Manny Davis, the colored middleweight of Houston, Tex., but more lately hailing from Schenectady, N. Y., with Nap Proulx of Taunton, a Freddy Yelle "hope," furnished the main bout for the Argonne A. A. at Fenway Park. It went the route of 10 rounds and both were pretty well marked up in the melee. The result was a win for Proulx who had all the better of the final stanzas. It was announced that he would be given a "shot" at Ad Zachow of Dover later on.

The Granite Stater has a decision over Proulx at the present time. In bouts under the feature, Gardner Thomas, son of the former star, the late Joe Thomas, and George Perry, Jr., also the son of a former ringster, mingled, with Thomas the winner, while Jack Sigmore, the colored heavy of Cambridge, who not so long ago easily whipped Ted Sandwina, defeated Henry Surrette of Leominster, Mass.

Al Rodrigues, Portuguese middleweight, now under the management of Bobby Goldman, former mentor of Al Mello, has been consistently winning in Portland, Me., rings. In his last bout there, an affair the latter part of August, he defeated Buster Price, the Lynn middleweight star, in a muss which went the double-six distance of 12 rounds. Price is a game, hard-hitter, but Rodrigues knew too much about boxing, also was too fast for him. The match, staged in the Portland Exposition Building, drew more than $1,800.

Joe Monte, the former Brockton heavyweight, and one-time opponent of Jimmy Braddock in a Braves Field ring when the Jerseyman was at his tops, has returned to the game as matchmaker for the new Queensboro A. C., which will shortly launch a series of tourneys in Brockton.

Tony Shucco of Boston, N. E. light heavy champion, and winner over Braddock in a Gotham ring, is vacationing at the seashore. He has several times challenged Ernie Schaaf without result, and the same goes for a titular fray with Rosenbloom, whom he defeated a while back at West Springfield in an overweight contest.

Ritchie Powers, a promising Charlestown welter, formerly a boxer in the U. S. Navy, came through with his sixth straight win when he defeated Al Brasseur at Salem, Mass., early in August. Those back of him claim to see another Honey Mellody in the making.

Alex MacLean, for many years in the boxing game, and at one time manager of such stars as Matty Baldwin, Jack Johnson, Sandy Ferguson, Gilbert Gallant and others, is another of the veterans who has gone over to the wrestling racket. MacLean is promoting at Revere Beach.

Another veteran to switch from boxing to wrestling is Al Delmont, onetime N. E. bantam and feather champion. Delmont now is promoting grappling tourneys at the Williams Tavern Arena, Marlboro, Mass., and is going very good.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE approaching indoor boxing season will see Buffalo badly in need of some drawing cards as the old guard is rapidly petering out and no good prospects are in sight. To the writer's way of thinking it will require weekly boxing shows with numerous recruits from the amateurs and gymnasiums to develop material with enough box-office appeal to headline shows.

Formerly this city was a great fistic center with at least two boxing clubs going regularly and new boxers getting chances to show almost every week. Right at present Charlie Murray's Queensberry club is the only one active in boxing. There is another club here, the Buffalo Sporting Club, but this organization has leaned toward wrestling promotion. The officials say they will promote boxing when the time comes but the chances are wrestling will get their attention at least for this fall and winter.

New York state, aside from New York City and Buffalo, is practically without boxing. The overhead and general expenses of running a fight club have killed off the promoters. Something radical will have to be done by the New York State Athletic Commission to help the game. A club license fee should not cost over $25 in any city. The clubs should be heavily bonded and only responsible promoters should be licensed, but this idea of paying $500 and $750 for a boxing club license is out of the question today. It's not worth it.

Tommy Paul took a shellacking from Fidel La Barba at Los Angeles; George Nichols was soundly outboxed by "Ham" Jenkins at Denver and Joe Doctor got hit on the whiskers at Detroit by husky Jack O'Dowd. This means that local fighters have not fared well in out of town rings.

Bantamweights and flyweights are not worth a nickel a bushel here. There are a number in town but my advice to the youngsters is to find another way of making a living. No boxer who weighed less than 133 pounds was ever an attraction in Buffalo. This city likes the big fellows. The best drawing cards in the past here were: Jimmy Duffy of Lockport, Jimmy Slattery, Frankie Schoell, K. O. Brennan, Herman Smith, Rocky Kansas, One-Round Davis and others of lesser reputation. Dick Loafman was quite a card, one of the best for a little fellow. Jake Schiffer, Teddy Meyers, Frankie Ernst and Jack Oakes, the Negro, all were attractions in their day.

Wrestling is not going well here. The Malcewicz-Reginald Siki match was a financial bust, only a handful being on hand for the show at the Bison Stadium.

Ed (Don) George and Henri De Glane drew $13,000 in July, 1931. The same pair in July, 1932, drew $3,700 gross, which means the payoff was around $3,000. Some difference.

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PROMOTER JEFF DICKSON is planning a busy season for his boxing enterprises in France, England, Spain and perhaps a couple of other countries. He has signed up eight heavyweights for tournaments which he will promote starting from the fall until Christmas.

The managers of George Godfrey and Harry Wills have been writing over asking inducements for their dark big fellows to show in Europe, but through THE RING I can state that promoter Jeff Dickson is now in a position that he does not have to offer any inducements to any boxers. If any of the American battlers care to make a trip to Europe they will hereafter have to do same at their own expense and take a chance of getting work after arrival, that is as far as Dickson is concerned, and if they should succeed in being matched up, same will be on a purely percentage basis. The day of guarantees is past and gone.

Lord Lonsdale, president of the British Boxing Board of Control, denies that boxing is rapidly getting into the hands of "racketeers" and that the results of fights are arranged. Such a statement came about probably through an article published recently to the effect that one of the English referees stated that he refused to referee a fight for the reason that he was aware of the fact that the same was to be a "fix."

His lordship went on to say: "I have personally conducted investigations into the allegations, and at the conclusion, along with my fellow-stewards of the board of control and also by the police, I found substantiation was lacking.

"I brought up the subject of 'racketeering' and 'faked' fights at a meeting of my fellow-stewards, and none of us ever heard of any 'racketeering'—as the Americans call it—and we do not believe that such a thing exists.

"I attended all of the big fights at the Royal Albert Hall and elsewhere, and I have never heard of anything of the kind, nor have the other stewards. I asked Scotland Yard whether they have had any cognizance of 'racketeering' and they said they had not. Their men are everywhere, and they, surely, would discover anything of that kind." Private talks also which he has had with all sorts of persons convinced him that boxing was a clean sport.

It is indeed gratifying to know that Lord Lonsdale went so deeply into the matter of the so-called "racketeering," as he calls it, in connection with the boxing game. The boxing world has never had such a genuine enthusiast as his lordship has shown himself to be through many years, and his statement to the effect that the boxing game is absolutely clean may be greatly relished by many patrons of the sport who have had opposite views to what his lordship has stated after his most thorough investigataions.

Boxing is once again going over well in Spain. At a recent entertainment run off at Barcelona, Vidal Gregario defeated Biesmans of Belgium on points over ten rounds. Esteve defeated Littier on points and Torres outpointed Primo Rubio.

Boxing is going along well at Nice, France. No big events have been staged there this season. The class of performers is just ordinary.

Chamonix, the celebrated winter resort, is now becoming an all year vacation place and during the summer months so far this year several boxing entertainnments which have been given have attracted fair gates.

During the dog days in Paris the Central Sporting Club which is known as the nursery of boxing has continued to run twice in each week. For the new comers in the game the rounds are of two minutes duration and generally of four or six rounds. Many good boys have been developed in the "nursery."

Ignacio Ara, the Spanish middle-weight, who also holds the European title, defeated the French middleweight, Francis Marin, in the sixth of a scheduled twelve-round bout which was held in Barcelona. Jeff Dickson has Ara and the French world's champion, Marcel Thil, signed up for a bout to be held in Barcelona during the early part of September.

The Belgium featherweight champion, Francois Matchens, defeated Richardson of England on points in a fifteen-round bout.

Al Brown, the colored bantamweight world's champion, has received a good offer to meet the British champion, Dick Corbett, and holder of a Lonsdale Belt, in a title bout to be held in London during the coming fall season. Brown and his manager, Dave Lumianski, are very well liked in England and a match between Brown and Corbett would attract a big gate.

Young Perez, the French world's champion flyweight boxer, has been signed up for a bout to be held in Nice against some battler yet to be named. Since his win over Frankie Genaro, Perez has been doing all his fighting in the small towns. He will be called upon to defend his French title very shortly.

Tenet, the French welterweight champion, defended his title successfully against Young Raux in a contest which was held at Amiens. It was a point victory.

Welterweights Kid Nitram of France and the Austrian, Steinbach, are matched up for a contest to be held in Vienna. The winner will be matched against Ignacio Ara of Spain, who holds the European championship, for a title bout which will be held during September, probably in Barcelona, Spain.

Popesco, the champion bantam of Rumania, defended against Stamate, of his own country, and won by knockout in the seventh round of a scheduled twelve sessions. Popseco during the coming season has been signed up for several bouts in Paris.

The clever little Spanish boxer, Jose Arilla, met the Belgium crack Petit Biquet in a twelve-round contest at Alger. The bout which was a hard fought one from the first to the last bell was called a draw .

Welterweight Wieser of Germany defeated his compatriot, Drekopf, in the sixth of a scheduled ten-rounder in a bout which was held near Berlin.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

MOSE BUTCH pounded out a decision over Wee Willie Davies in their headliner at Greenlee Field. Butch was signed to box Brown last winter at Motor Square Garden only to have the champ run out on Mose, claiming illness.

Teddy Yarosz, undefeated Monaca welterweight, easily out-pointed Lope Tenorio, New York Filipino, at Hickey Park in ten rounds. Young Rudy, of Charleroi, was beaten by Jaquette Everille, a newcomer from Panama, in eight rounds.

Tommy Freeman, Cleveland, battered Tiger Joe Randall into submission at Greenlee Field. Tommy sent the local negro to the canvas no less than ten times; winning on a technical knockout in the sixth inning. The semi-windup saw elongated Frankie Goodby, Cleveland negro, put away Lee Sala, Donora middleweight, in two sessions.

Jack King, welterweight from Chicago, bested Billy Holt, local negro, in ten furious rounds at Hickey Park. In other ten-rounders on the card, Buddy McArthur scored over dusky Harry Williams while Jimmy Vaughn, flashy Cleveland featherweight, clearly demonstrated his superiority over Leon Jendrasiak. The opener saw Don Asto box Johnny Allen to a draw. Mayor Charles Kline and other city officials witnessed the show.

Frankie Goosby earned a main bout berth at Greenlee Field stopping Lee Sala in sensational style. For Goosby's opponent, Jules Beck selected the slugging Jimmy Belmont, of Braddock. The wise boys were panning Manager Frank Klaus for accepting the call lest Goosby would stop Belmont. But the Braddock slugger surprised all concerned by staying the route with the hard-clouting negro. Willie Davies, of Charleroi, out-pointed Nat Litfin in the eight-round semi-windup.

Battling Gizzy, Donora Windmill, scored over Chico Cisneros, flashy Mexican, in a fast ten-rounder at Hickey Park. Tom Malco whipped Marty McHale in the semi-final.

Arthur DeKuh, of New York, and big Seal Harris, Chicago negro, waltzed ten slow rounds at Greenlee Field with DeKuh getting the verdict. Jack Wilson, former New Jersey middleweight, defeated Anson Green, heavy-hitting Homestead negro, in the semi-windup. Green previously stopped Henry Attel on the Gizzy-Cisneros card.

Battling Gizzy, the Donora lightweight, won the lightweight championship of Pittsburgh by whipping Charley Baxter of the Northside in their memorable bout at Hickey Park.

James (Red) Mason was here to second one of Ray Alvis' boys, Jack King, against Billy Holt. Red also seconded Nat Litfin against Willie Davies. Mason, one of the most colorful fistic figures of Pittsburgh, is now residing at Chicago and plans to spend the remainder of the days there. He is over 65. Seal Harris, giant Chicago negro is here under the care of Frank Sutton, local negro, who was a chef for Jack Johnson, ex-heavyweight champion. Johnny Risko has won both of his professional bouts by technical kayos. Eddie Zivic won his third professional encounter by beating Johnny Durso. Bill Klaas knocked out Jack Carey in twenty seconds of the first round in an amateur fight staged by Father Cox's Blue Shirts. Irish Kane, prominent local trainer and manager, has picked up a fine-looking prospect in Joey Bosak.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

RIVAL Philadelphia promoters are still trying to swing a bout between Benny Bass and Tony Falco who were members of the same Phil Glassman stable but now on opposite sides of the fence. The weight question and guarantees have stood between the fighters and promoters but they will probably get together. In ring parlance "It's a natural." Falco is now handled by Jimmy Coster, his former trainer. Taylor and Gunnis may land the windup for Convention Hall.

Marty Collins, South Philadelphia boxer, has recovered from an operation on his head at Temple University Hospital. He sustained a fractured skull in an automobile accident in New York.

Howard Dougherty, son of Jimmy Dougherty, "Baron of Leiperville," has been staging outdoor shows again at the Leiperville ring near Chester. Howard tried wrestling for awhile but the boxing appears to go better with the Chester county fans. He also draws from the Quaker City, his club being located less than ten miles from the city limits.

Si Ginsburg, Philadelphia wrestling judge, is now convinced the mat sport is tame compared to baseball. As the result of being hit with a bat during a game he suffered a broken nose and was laid up in the Jewish Hospital for awhile.

Herman Meyer, Middle Atlantic A. A. U. official, who has been connected with The Arena for a number of years, has recovered from a stomach ailment. He took the rest cure at Lewes, Dela; to put him back in shape again.

Alex Hart, Philadelphia veteran of many ring battles, staged a comeback by handing a six-round beating to Gene Buffalo, Philadelphia colored fighter at Atlantic City. Both boxers weighed 151 pounds.

Tiger Thomas, of Williamsport, ran into a flock of trouble when Wally Sears, of Minersville, knocked him out in the third round at Lakewood, Pa. Thomas was floored by a straight right to the jaw and sustained a head injury. He was removed to a hospital in Shenandoah. In the feature bout of the show "Wildcat" O'Connor, of Carbondale, won a ten-round decision over Pat Igo, of Shenandoah.

Billy Ketchell, of Millville, and Joe Smallwood, of Wilmington battled ten rounds to a draw in the last show of the season at the Cambria club in Kensington. There were no knockdowns, although both fighters were staggered during the ten hectic rounds.

In the other bouts at the Cambria: Johnny Craven, of Conshohocken, out-pointed Tommy Conway, of Olney in six rounds; Mark Gladulich, of Port Richmond, knocked out Joe Palmer, North Philadelphia, in the first round; Mike Marshall out-fought Mickey Michaels and Milt Jacobs stopped Frankie Brill in the second round.

Jimmy Tantoras, of Phillie, took a trip up Lancaster way, and ran into one of Spib Styer's wicked punches the latter scoring a knockout in the third round. On the same card Bobby Abel, of Phillie, lost a six-round decision to Steven Nitchie, of Lancaster; Kid Cuba, of Phillie, knocked out Battling Brown, of Columbia, Pa., in the thid round, and Harry Malis, also of Phillie, out-pointed Jackie Horn, of Lancaster, in four rounds.

Frank Caris, a nephew of the once famed "Iron Man" Joe Grim, is a sensation in amateur ranks in Phillie. He has scored seventeen victories in a row, including four knockouts.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

BOBBY BRADY fought Young Zazzarino to a 10-round draw in the feature fout at the Bayonne Stadium. Al Tedesco kayoed Mickey Dunn in the semi-final. Joe Maresca finished Young Pancho in the third of a six-rounder. In the three fours, Al Tarrentin beat Joe Pisello, Al Evans stopped Bobby Smith, Joe Simonetti drew with Mickey Kelleher and Joe Schiraldi lost to Mickey Macher.

Primo Carnera made his debut in a Hudson ring when he fought Jerry Pavalec at the West New York Stadium kayoing the latter in the fifth round.

Charlie Boyette was stopped in the fourth round by Tony Gallento. Jack Redmond won from Pietro Corri. In the opening contest of 10 rounds Walter Cobb and Gene Stanton were chased out of the ring for not trying.

In one of the most savagely fought battles that was ever witnessed in a local ring Joey Ferrando out-slugged Frankie Carlton at the Oakland A. A. In another corking bout of eight rounds, Joe Kaminsky out-pointed Don Rizzo after a slashing go. Joe Schiraldi kayoed Lou Marireo in two. Johnny Curtin put the crusher on Sammy Sollie in two. Frankie Errico defeated tough Joey Goldfarb in four and Joey Woods finished Willie Gerber in the fifth of a six-rounder.

Jackie Farrell, former sports editor of the Hudson *Dispatch*, is in a serious condition at the Medical Center in Jersey City. Jackie is ailing from stomach trouble.

Lou Lombardi, crack lightweight from Jersey City, scored another great win when he put Harry Mosco away in the seventh round of their bout at Tompkins Stadium in Staten Island.

Puggy Cuspito was kayoed by Jimmy Phillips in four rounds at Englewood. On the same bill Herbie Fields, of Union City, won from Johnny Nelson and Paulie Nieman won from Bill Orlando in four rounds.

Before a slim crowd of about 250 patrons Bud Mangino got the duke from Steve Smith at Fletcher's Field, Fairview. In the eight-round semi-final Bobby Maguire lost to Nat Arno. Louis Ifrate drew with Steve Chelsoe four, and Patsy Damiani kayoed Al Keller one.

Lou Lombardi scored an upset when he dealt out a beating to Carmen Roman, of Bayonne, at Tompkin's Stadium, Staten Island.

MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL FANDOM will witness another pair of world's title bouts before the snow flies again, according to the plans of the hustling young local promoter, Armand Vincent. If the original plans go through, "Spider" Pladner will have had his crack at the world's bantam crown resting on the elusive head of Panama Al Brown.

Pladner and Pete Sanstol, the blonde Norwegian ace with whom he drew some weeks ago, are the logical challengers for the title. Pete earned the title shot by out-classing Newsboy Brown, tough little Californian, in surprisingly decisive fashion in a twelve-rounder at the Forum.

Al Brown fought a non-title "bout" with Guy Lecuyer, Holyoke, Mass., feather, in the ten-round and easily won by a T.K.O. in the sixth.

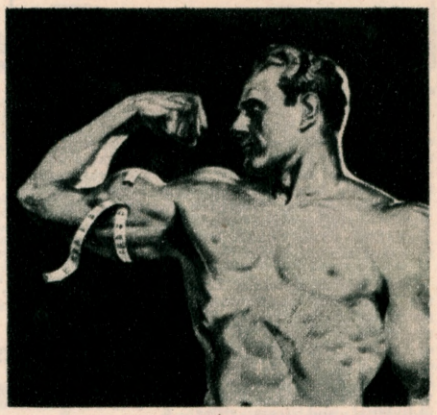
Joe Marciente and Barney O'Connell, resumed their featherweight feud, started two years ago, and fought six rounds to a draw. Harold Stewart, ex-amateur lightweight star, flattened Eddie Valentine, a game but crude lad from Lewiston, Maine, in three heats and Rene Taillefer, local lightie, out-punched Jimmy Thompson in the six-round opener. Taillefer, Stewart, and Art Primrose, another recent addition to the money ranks, are the three best lightweights in the province.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam champ and pride of Verdun, was awarded a close verdict over Pete DeGrasse in a hectic ten-rounder. It was one of the most sensational brawls ever witnessed here. The other ten-rounder between Roger Bernard, slugging Philly feather, and Albert Ladou, shifty Algerian ace, was called a draw.

The best prelim was the eight-rounder between Wilf Carufel, clever local featherweight, and Sailor Everham, Boston. Eddie Beaurivage, local middleweight, out-punched Hec Masson, Cornwall, in a colorless six-rounder and Frank Fiore, Sam Gibbs' featherweight protege, was too strong and aggressive for the veteran Georges Girardin in the six-round opener.

Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight ruler, will be showing his wares in Australia by the time this is off the press.

In the meantime . . . Art Primrose added his third straight win to his record as a pro when he knocked out K.O. Frisco, of Barre, Vermont, in the sixth of a scheduled ten-round main bout at the latter's home town . . . Primrose looks like a real comer in the lightweight ranks and is very colorful despite his baby-faced appearance . . . Greggie Gregersen, Danish bantam, is another comer and is improving rapidly . . . Johnny Nemis, Maritime welter and middleweight star, is forsaking the welter class for good as he tips the scales at 156 . . . His recent treatment of his teeth, though laying him up awhile, seems to have done him good . . . The writer, Lawson Bampton, will be in New York soon to be on deck for the brawl between Walker and Schmeling . . . will be there until October . . . hello Broadway!



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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE 1932 outdoor boxing season has ended and a new low for attendance and receipts at shows in Chicago must have been recorded. About twenty cards were presented by several clubs here, but the biggest gates of the season were realized by the Chicago Stadium, the world's largest indoor fight arena, with the Billy Petrolle-Bat Battalino match which drew 10,950 persons who paid $32,376.95 and the Max Baer-Ernie Schaaf bout which was expected to draw around 8,000 fans and over $20,000.

The Italian amateur boxing team, holders of the European championship and victor eleven times in eleven starts in international tournaments were picked to defeat the Chicagoland champions when they fought at the Chicago Stadium. The boxers from sunny Italy were perhaps the most colorful boxing team that has visited this section. They were laden down with individual and team titles.

The team made several public appearances before the international matches. Beginning with Adam Smith, Rockford heavyweight, on down to Frankie Sanello, the Chicago flyweight, the local squad was made up of boys who have made just as big a name in national circles as the visitors have piled up for themselves on the continent.

The Italian committee, sponsors of the match, was headed by Dr. Antonio Ferme, royal acting counsel general of Italy. The all-Chicago committee, which co-operated in putting the show over, was headed by Walter W. J. Meyers. The Chicago team was selected by Harry Berz and Edward Mahlke.

Johnny Baima, Lawndale middleweight, made his first start since last June when he met Bill Hall, Michigan champion, at White City. Mearns, who manages Baima and a flock of other classy ringsters, believes Johnny will make a successful comeback.

Kid Irish, St. Louis featherweight, has returned to Chicago and may fight Tod Kelly of Logan Square at Northwest stadium.

Mose, Harry and Solly Schuman, proprietors of the restaurant and hot dog stand in the 3700 block on Ogden avenue, will introduce an embryonic champion within a few weeks. He is Mack Karpman, flyweight, who works in the kitchen of the Schumans' place. Karpman is a willing and ambitious kid and he believes that slinging hotdogs, tomatoes, onions, pickles, buns and everything that goes with the popular Schuman redhot sandwich is just the thing to put him into the pink of condition for his debut as a boxer. Karpman is 16 years old.

Do you know that—Barney Ross' father was shot and killed by a colored bandit 11 years ago in his grocery store on Jefferson street? . . . Ray Tramblie, Rockford, Ill., 160 pounder, is a little deaf? . . . Duke Barry, publisher of the Blue Book of Boxing, is making his headquarters in Chicago? . . .

Joseph J. Lipp, Central A. A. U. official and head of the Interlander Paper company, lost $1,000 from ten amateur shows at Mills stadium last summer, but it is reported that he dropped $72,000 on the stock market last winter? . . . Johnny Kilbane, former featherweight champion, always sucked on a glass marble while drying out before a contest to keep the saliva from getting foamy? . . . Jack King, Little Rock, Ark., welterweight, was born David Jule King 20 years ago, was a seven-month baby who weighed 2¼ pounds?

Clair Kelly, Chicago Evening American fight expert, was a pole vaulter at the University of Iowa and could leap over 10½ feet? . . . Bill Harley, manager of Mills stadium, has announced that he will promote amateur boxing at the Community Recreation center, formerly the West Side Knights of Columbus clubhouse, all winter.

The twelfth annual National Boxing association convention at Baltimore, Md., Sept. 19, 20 and 21, decided several important things. One of these was the question of standardizing contracts between boxers and managers with a view toward having a unity of rules adopted to curb the activity of ruthless and unscrupulous managers and booking agents, who prey upon boxers like wolves among sheep. The managers and booking agents of this type bring boxing into disrepute.

Another important question which was brought up by Gen. John V. Clinnin, president of the N. B. A., was on the status of amateur boxing in America. The N. B. A. will assist the Amateur Athletic union in eliminating semi-professionalism from the amateur ranks.

Some of this and a little of that—Dudley Clinnin, 32, youngest brother of Gen. V. Clinnin, who is the eldest of 14, 11 of whom are men, is in the battery business. . . . Gene Tunney, retired heavyweight champion, is a possible Democratic candidate for United States senator. . . .

Charlie White, one of the hardest punchers and best lightweights ever developed in Chicago, had a Rogers Park police squad accompany him to his home at 1103 East North avenue the night following a robbery by four bandits, who relieved White of $60. . . . Charles Francis Coe, a former boxer, who has made the reputation of being one of the greatest crime and fight authors, has a 14-year-old son, who recently recovered from a ten-year attack of asthma. . . . Barney Abel, veteran fisticuffing gentleman, was a printer and then a tailor before he specialized in the various branches of the boxing game in 1919.

Frankie Welsh, promising middleweight several years ago, now weighs 200 pounds and is a combination milkman and candy store proprietor. . . . Paul Leberto's right name is Paul Dazzo. . . . His stepfather's name is Leberto. . . . Battling Bozo, Birmingham, Ala., battler, has had his left thumb amputated. . . . Bryan Downey, former middleweight boxer, who knocked out Oscar Kohl in a wrestling match at Cleveland, O., has established headquarters at George Trafton's gymnasium where he is to teach boxing and wrestling.

Jimmy Segreti, Chicago *Tribune* fight writer, is only 20 years old but has been a newspaperman for seven years. He started as a copy boy on the *Journal of Commerce* when he was 13 years old. Segreti at one time was ambitious to win a boxing championship. While on the subject of newspapermen you probably would be surprised at the talent the boys at the *Tribune* sports desk possess. And yet you never hear of them because their articles are unsigned. Take for example Stewart Owen, Pat Patten, George Strickler, Bruce Dennis, Howard Martin and Chuck Fredericks. They have more knowledge than most college professors.

Eddie (Kid) Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn., boxer, handed Dick Sisk of Chicago his second defeat in 53 bouts when they met in the ten-round windup of the O'Brill Athletic club's show at Mills stadium. Wolfe, a contender for the junior welterweight crown worn by Johnny Jadick, improved his rating by whipping King Tut in New York.

Fistic chips—Dick Axman, local fight writer, who is one of our best known bachelors, is seen with Miss Dorothy Hopper of White City, quite a bit. . . . Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons, lanky Cornishman, who won the heavyweight title from Jim Corbett, engaged in bouts for 30 years. . . . Ray Allen, King Levinsky's sister, is a blues singer with a very melodious voice. . . .

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

WILBUR CHEVALIER, Bay City, defeated Joey Thomas, from Chicago, in ten rounds at Oshkosh. Attempts have been made to get Fidel La Bara, Kid Chocolate, and Eddie Shea to box Chevalier.

Last month I believe I stated that K. O. Redmon defeated Pretit Ferarer. This was an error as Ferarer and Redman drew. In the preliminaries Ernie Maurer defeated Franklin Young; Johnny Reiggi of Detroit defeated Lefty Logan of Lansing; Doty Turner, 148, Bay City, defeated Eary Philbeen, 145, of Detroit; Jack Williams, Detroit junior lightweight, outpointed Earl Caddy of Potterville.

The two busiest fighters in Michigan are the welterweights from Muskegon, Rueben Edman and Pete Petroskey. These two boys are on almost every card at Ludington, Muskegon, and Grand Rapids. At the last card in Muskegon, Edman defeated Harry Kid Roberts of Chicago in six, and Petroskey knocked out Jimmy Lundy of Los Angeles in three rounds.

At Saginaw, Sammy Caruso made good in his initial comeback attempt against Eddie Anderson of Detroit, whom he defeated in six rounds. Mickey Misko, 142, Saginaw, defeated Frankie Reilly, 140, Fairmont, W. V.; and Joe Kurkey, Saginaw middleweight, knocked out Alvin Luplow, also of Saginaw, in three rounds.

I received a little note from my old friend, Mike McNulty. Mike is now in St. Paul and is managing Jackie Sharkey, a crackerjack featherweight, and Jimmy Gibbons, a young heavyweight. Mike, it will be remembered, managed Roger Bernard and Pete Firpo when he was in Detroit.

As you know last month I had the fans rate the the Michigan boxers and send their lists to me. The result of this experiment was pretty good. The ratings follow:

HEAVIES: Martin Levandowski, Pettit Ferarer, Flash Riser, Benny Touchstone, Buster Trenkle, Wild Bill Schreffler, Emery Nemeth, James J. Russell, Jack O'Dowd, Eddie Anderson, Johnny Cheick, and Tiny Grove.

LIGHT-HEAVIES: Martin Levandowski, Pettit Ferarer, Flash Riser, Buddy McArthur, Stanley Wellise, Bob Davey, Leon Nichols, Leon Jasinski, Mickey Balabon, Bob O'Signac, Emmett Curtice, Buck Kammen, Johnny Hoekstra, Johnny Misko, K. O. Nedmand, and Neil Kilbane.

MIDDLES: Freddie Heinz, Marty Simmons, Frankie Misko, Mel Tipton, Johnny Bangert, Ace Martin, Alex Heinz, Billy Bulley, Lyle Blain, Walter Majeske, Marcus Nole, Bob Albright, Charley Fibinger, Joe Ruggizonni, and Pat Kinney.

WELTERS: Morrie Sherman, Reuben Edmans, Pete Petroskey, Benny Duke, Morey Bowman, Harry Fine, Jackie Davis, Howard McLain, Jack O'Neal, Earl Wirth, Teddy DeFrancis, Eddie Wells, Art Meadows, Al Wolgast, and Griff Walker.

JUNIOR WELTERS: Orrie Mosher, Wesley Ramey, Eddie Koppy, Ray Van Hook, Herman Perlick, Henry Perlick, Sammy Caruso, Don McLeod, Harry Robertson, and Chuck Woods.

LIGHTS: Wesley Ramey, Roger Bernard, Orrie Mosher, Jack Alvarado, Jack Elvirelo, Charlie Crocker, Stanley Sabin, Gideo Gowatch, Stanley Krannenberg, Johnny Sikkenga, and Billy Walker.

JUNIOR LIGHTS: Roger Bernard, Wilbur Chavalier, Billy Shaw, Johnny Minella, Alex Hadrian, and Woody Williams.

FEATHERS: Wilbur Chevalier, Johnny Mitchell, Juan Cruz, Joe Palazolla, Carl Mazzola, Tony Tassi, Heinie Schmid, George Riley, Johnny Gale, Johnny Reggo, Eddie Connors, Johnny Reiggi, Pee Wee Wilson, Henry Gowatch, and Billy Cooper.

BANTAMS: Ernie Maurer, Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman, Archie "Speed" Person, Jackie Light, Franklin Young, Pee Wee Gale, Frankie Murphy, Mickey Nelson and Red Casson.

FLY: Frankie Donnelly.

Billy Walker won by a technical knockout from Stanley Sabin in the fourth round of the feature match at Hazel Park. Teddy DeFrancis stopped Dick Bressney in the fourth round of the semi-final. Mike Kolnick defeated Joey Dodge, Jack Lucas beat Frank Miller, and Ernest Norwood won over Miles Lucas in the four-rounders.

It begins to look as if Michigan will not have a title holder within the next year. Our pet hope, Wesley Ramey, was whipped by Orrie Mosher. Mosher was kayoed by Maxie Strub, Roger Bernard was laced by Kid Chocolate, Frankie Donnelly was whipped by Ernie Maurer, and Morrie Sherman was beaten by King Tut. Of the bunch it looks as if Maurer is the best prospect.

At the weekly wrestling show at the Arena Gardens, Leslie Fishbaugh defeated Vic Webber in two out of three falls. Ottis Clingman trimmed Jim King, Harry Von Lehman and Frank Wolfe drew, and Walter Roxey and Tarzan Kleet drew.

Bob Davey, Mt. Clemens light-heavyweight, knocked out Bill Morris of Royal Oak in the third of a scheduled eight-round bout at Mt. Clemens. In the other half of a double windup Billy Cooper of Detroit defeated Joey Dodge also of Detroit. Other results: Teddy DeFrancis, Detroit, stopped Johnny Merritt, Pontiac, in the third; Johnny Nardonie, Detroit, stopped Tommy Hughes, Cleveland, in the fourth, and Morie Van Pamel of Roseville shaded Bill McLay of Detroit.

Ernie Maurer won the state bantamweight championship by a decision over Frankie Donnelly in ten rounds at Dearborn. Maurer took seven of the ten rounds. Chuck Woods beat Don McLeod in six; Woody Williams beat John Reggo in six; Al Henderson won from Jack Delmont in four, and Tommy Delmont defeated Walter McTaglen in four.

Mickey Misko, Saginaw welter, defeated Jimmy Collins of Toledo, Jimmy Riley kayoed Lefty Logan in five, and Alvin Luplow kayoed Bobby DeVoe in one round.

There used to be an abundance of flyweights in Michigan but now there are none. Frankie Donnelly, the state champion, can make the weight but he doesn't. A couple of years ago Michigan had such good flyweights as Johnny Sili, Pee Wee Wilson, Franklin Young, Krankie Murphy, and Jimmy Kerr, but now the customers have to depend on the larger boys for their entertainment.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

CINCINNATI, Dayton, Middletown, Columbus and Zanesville, led the way in the big boxing revival around this section of the country. With other smaller clubs operating and new ones starting and preparing for the indoor season, the fight game should be back on its feet before the next half year rolls around.

Kid Chocolate, world's junior lightweight champion, handed Johnny Farr a lacing in Cincinnati.

Dayton's claim to second place in the month's activity was the Kayo Christner-Tiny DeBolt bout. Although Christner won in the second round on a knockout, which later was settled with an indefinite suspension on both fighters and managers, by the Montgomery Boxing Commission, the bout was worth mention.

Johnnie Rovers, veteran Middletown lightweight made a comeback, but not in the ring the past month. Johnnie came back as a promoter and although the houses are keeping time with the present conditions, every week sees a larger attendance checked in the turnstiles.

Georgie Annarino, bantamweight champion of Ohio, knocked out Juan Cruz, of Mexico, in the third round of a scheduled ten round fight. Annarino who was outweighed ten and a half pounds the Mexican an easy target before slipping over the knockout wallop in 56 seconds of the third round. In the supporting bouts, Eddie Burke won from Joe Lyne in six; Sammy Sweet trounced Jimmy Clay in six; Pee Wee Weghorn shaded Joe Bensiger in six.

A fairly large crowd turned out for the initial show at the Oakley American Legion arena. Jimmy Neal, Cincinnati, knocked out Dick Jordan, Fairfax welterweight, in the second round of the main go while Young Baldomero, Tampico, Mex., defeated Tiger Lyons, Cincinnati, in the other eight-round main event. Both bouts were fast and speedy and well relished by the fans. Smokey Maggard kayoed Earl Liebisch in six; Jay Jordan beat Carl Neal in four, and Joe McNamara iced Young Leisure in two in the preliminary matches. Lou Bauman was the third man in the ring in all of the bouts.

Roy LaRoy, clever featherweight from Lorain, O., looks to be one of the best prospects developed in that part of the state since the halycon days of Johnny Kilbane. LeRoy, who is handled by his brother is anxious to get going in Cincinnati and Southern Ohio. The Lorain youngster has yet to taste defeat and is hot after matches with Jess Calhoun, Art Worley and the other young 126-pounders down here.

Lee Cox, flashy Indiana welterweight, who makes his home in Cincinnati under the direction of the veteran Fred Batsche is going great guns after his defeat by Stanley. Cox blasted Mickey McAllister out of the photo in three heats at Portsmouth and then a few weeks later handed the clever Jess McMurtry a sound thrashing.

My ratings for the past month are as follows: Heavyweight—Ted Graham, New Richmond; Light-Heavyweight—Ed Dunaway, Zanesville; Middleweight—Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati; Welterweight—Lee Cox, Cincinnati; Junior Welterweight—Jack Stanley, Cincinnati; Lightweight—Maxie Koshover, Cincinnati; Junior Lightweight—Jess Calhoun, Cincinnati; Featherweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Bantamweight—Young Hebe, Cincinnati; Flyweight—Sammy Sweet, Cincinnati.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots: Eddie Gerhardt has deserted the boxing game after over twenty-five years in harness and is promoting wrestling matches at the Northside Ball Park. . . . Johnny Mack's correct name is Anthony Bondi and is only 31 years old . . . that Bobbie and Eddie Ammon, local boxers are no relation to this scribe . . . that Eddie Gerhardt had but 12 hours' sleep in four days while promoting the Jarbo-Brown mat tilt . . . that Abe Menachoff and Oscar Koff are brothers and Jake Frong of the Dayton *Herald* is their cousin . . . G. C. Williams, former fight manager, is one of the recognized A-1 chefs of the country . . . Jack Stanley is 22, Lee Cox, 20, yet both have been boxing close to five years . . . and last but not least time is short on this column, so adieu till next month.

Middletown, O. Casino Gardens: Dick Leis, Miamisburg stopped Carl Neal, Cincinnati, in three; Jimmy Saylor beat Tiger Lyons in six; Art Rathman beat Bill Person Rocky Dolan drew with Freddy Sheppard; Leo Medaffri knocked out Pete Reno; Dick Leis, Miamisburg, knocked out Jackie Coogan, Covington, Ky., in one; Leo Medaffri knocked out Bo Condon in one; Jimmy Saylor knocked out Kid Brown in six; Bill Pierce stopped Art Rothman in three; Tony Usas, Dayton, drew with Young Fisher, of Troy, in eight; Art Rothman drew with Silver Dan in six; Freddy Sheppard beat Bobby Green in four; Joe Harris stopped Tom Young in two, and Dan Asher won from Red Blount in four; Cliff Cassidy, Middletown, defeated Dick Leis, Miamisburg, in eight; Freddy Sheppard knocked out Mike Kelly in one; Art Rothman stopped Luke Getter in two; Chat Cassidy stopped Charley Chick in two and Stinger Hoffman met Al Leever in a four-round comedy bout.

These bouts are a complete summary of Johnnie River's weekly fights in the Steel City and Rivers receives the credit for bringing back the game there. Fighters and managers who would like to get work in Middletown can communicate with Rivers through the Middletown *Journal*, Sport Dept.

Information around here can be secured by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O. Please enclose self-stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Frankie Callahan, former Columbus 126-pounder has opened a boxing school there.

WRESTLING NOTES

Eddie Gerhardt, former boxing promoter, has grabbed the wrestling spotlight with his great mat shows at the Northside Ball Park in Cincinnati. "Smiling Eddie," as he was known years ago, is finding it rather hard to pack in the crowds at the local park and is at present dickering for a larger plant. Several spots are under consideration.

In the main mat tilts which Gerhardt staged the past month, Vic Jarbo, of Boston, beat Strangler Brown, of Nashville, two of three falls; Ray Carpenter, Lancaster, O., tossed Nick Bozinis, of Jersey City, two of three falls while Johnny Plummer, Kansas heavyweight, threw Martin Zilkoff, of Utah, two of three falls.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

TOMMY McGINTY, Cleveland's leading boxing promoter, has finally come to the front and revived Cleveland's boxing game. The three million dollar stadium which has not held a boxing match since the heavyweight match between Young Stribling and Max Schmeling, housed the Johnny Risko-Mickey Walker fight in which Risko won the decision after a bitter fight.

Tuffy Griffiths, who had won three decisions over Risko in previous bouts put up a whale of a fight at the Stadium in the second show promoted by McGinty. Risko came so fast at the finish that he had Tuffy pretty tired and on the ropes at the last bell.

Walter Taylor had two shows at the Public Auditorium and lost heavily on both. In his first, he used local boys in sixes, and in his second, he featured Gorilla Jones and Jack December, and came out even.

Eddie Lord hasn't lost a fight since coming from Waterbury, Conn. The lightweights around the Middle West, as well as the junior lightweights have been passing him up.

Paul Pirrone ran up against a snag at Chicago in the person of Sammy Slaughter and Eddie Mead come back claiming that Paul got nailed when he grew careless.

Babe Triscaro, the star Cleveland flyweight, lost his first fight since turning pro to Willie Davies at the Public Auditorium's first indoor show. The Babe had Davies down for the count, and had it not been for Davies' experience he would have surely been knocked out.

Bruna Sala, the Donora middleweight, who hasn't lost a fight around Ohio rings in the last six months, lost his first one at the Public Auditorium to Joe Zemon, who was knocked out in the third round at the Equestrium several months ago by Sala.

Kayo Christner is playing the sticks, and pushing over a lot of would-be heavyweights. He is still after a Johnny Risko fight.

Ollie Downs is keeping Triscaro and the balance of his stable busy. He is also expected to start promoting at the Hall.

Jack Pallat has returned from a trip to Superior on Johnny Papke's farm, and ready for action.

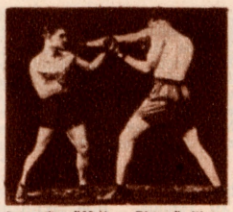
Ray VanHook, Pontiac junior welterweight, is moving to Cleveland to make it his future home. He is a former pupil of Bud Taylor and a very pleasing fighter. I can safely recommend him to any of the promoters who wish to show a real fighter.

Patsy Pirroni is about ready to come back to the wars and start working shortly.

Joey Goodman, who won six straight fights out on the Pacific Coast ran out of opponents, as Young Corbett absolutely refused to fight him.

Since going into the welterweight class Goodman has shown a 100 per cent improvement in his hitting, and was given more publicity than any eastern boxer who had invaded the coast in years.

Try These Punches



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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

KANSAS CITY, MO.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Bud Schildknecht lost a decision to Joe Melham. Bruce Jaffrays beat Oscar Schildknecht. Dick Sanderson beat Spud Malone. Howard Bearce beat Johnny Lewellan, Jackie Law knocked out Billy Mann in one. Dan Huerta beat Oliver Scofield. Charley Bratten beat Glenn Mack. Tony Nicols knocked out Henry Hill in one. Bud Meiers beat Albert Sanell.

Tulsa, Okla.—Babe Hunt easily won from Paul Swiderski in 10 rounds. Bob Williams knocked out Max Brown in two. Mickey Mack and Chief Whitehorse Keel drew in six. Johnny Wallace beat Earl Masters in six. Chick Evans beat Bob Dugan in four. Ray Impellitierre and Brad Simmons gave a three-round exhibition demonstrating punches used by old time fighters.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Joey Alcanter knocked out Johnny Walker in one. Benny Duran beat Paul Humbert. Pete Hildago beat Spud Malone. Harry Knecht beat Bob Stone. Chuck Easterly beat Floyd (Red) Hall. Herbie Knecht beat Jimmy O'Dell. Charley Wilson beat Johnny Nichols. Keith Cockrell beat Jimmy Messick. Harry Tressler knocked out Louis Love in three. Henry Hill beat Louis Smith.

Okla City, Okla.—Kid Granite beat Battling Delgado in 10. Battling Dozier knocked out Battling Gold in two. Bill Smith beat Lester Culbertson in six. Speck Smith knocked out Kid George in two. Neil Johnson beat Johnny Ford in four rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Cullen Williams defeated Rube Johnson, Arkansas State lightweight champion, in 10. Leo Selby and Sherman Hockett drew in six. Chili Villareal beat Tuffy McMullen in six. Mickey Mack and Ralph Updegraph drew in six. Louis Villareal and Billy Watson drew in four rounds.

Rube Johnson, well-known boxer and lightweight champion of Arkansas, died at his home in Ft. Smith, Ark., of septic pneumonia.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Howard Scott defeated Cullen Williams in 10. Jimmy Craig beat Pete Regil in six. Madero Villareal beat Jimmy Hyde in six. Leo Selby knocked out Ernest Kennedy in three. Kid Sharpy beat Harold Neiswanger in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Joey Alcanter won from Dick Meiers by default. Pat Kissinger knocked out Blair Weidemann in one. Freddie Raigoza knocked out Gene Driskell in three. Dick Sanderson beat Jerry Jenkins. Jackie Law beat Ray Rich. Lee Brooks beat Howard Bearce. Celos Mayo beat Tony Nichols. Mickey Johnson beat Kenny Jones. Pete Biller beat Frankie Walker.

Topeka, Kans.—Jackie Charvez knocked out George Finning in 10. Fred Ott defeated Lou Richie in eight rounds.

SEATTLE AND TACOMA

THE one and only Jack Dempsey has started his second comeback tour in the northwest. Jack appeared in a four-round exhibition in Seattle against Chet Shandel of 'Frisco. Dempsey sent Shandel to the mat five times but refrained from kayoing the game 'Friscan. Ringsiders agree that Dempsey looked much better than during his first tour which also began in the west.

Then, Dempsey kayoed Frank Sawyer in three cantos at Portland. Sawyer tried to sneak one over on Jack when he appeared against Dempsey a year ago, and got kayoed for his pains. Dempsey evidently remembered this and let him have it again.

Fred Lenhart, Tacoma light-heavy, grabbed a six-round decision over George Manley of Denver at Spokane.

The Speedy Dado-Canto Robbleto feud was revived in Seattle during the month. The boys fought two furious battles with the first resulting in a six-round draw, and with the second going to Dado in an eight-round decision rendered by Willie Ritchie, former lightweight king. Dado and Robleto each hold a decision over the other now with three battles resulting in draws.

Freddy Steele, Tacoma welter, T. K. O'ed Ralph Chong, New Orleans Chinese, in the sixth round of a battle at Seattle.

Jimmy Britt, welter, stablemate of Steele, won the call over Viccencio Alicanti, Filipino, in six.

Chong came back the following week, however, to gain a six-round decision over Tony Portillo of Seattle in a red hot semi-final to the first Dado-Robleto affair.

Henry Woods, Yakima Negro feather, kayoed the vteran Johnny Hawkes and decisioned Benny Pelz during the month.

Ah Wing Lee, Portland Chinese, kayoed Jose Hermandoza in Seattle in three, in the Dempsey card.

Freddy Steele and Jimmy Britt came through with victories in their home town of Tacoma, Steele beating Alphonse Gonzales of Mexico, and Britt taking the duke over Don Harrington of 'Frisco.

Canto Robleto has moved to Seattle and will be booked from there in the future.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

ONE of the most vicious encounters ever witnessed in this section took place when Jimmy Thompson, local junior lightweight, and Carl Wells, of Omaha, clashed in a six-round bout at Riverview park. The verdict was a draw. In the other bouts Britt Gorman, Minneapolis, shaded Real Villa, Tulsa, in six; Harold Mathews, Lincoln, won a T.K.O. over Battling Ginsberg, Minneapolis, in five; Irish McKenna, beat Johnny Lambert by the T.K.O. in three; Kid Newman beat Al Phal in four; Joe Miller beat Don Peterson in two.

Some of the Sioux City boxers who showed up well during the summer months are Harold Rogers, bantamweight; Jimmy Thompson, Jr. lightweight; Arlo Van Buskirk, light-heavyweight; Al Pahl, lightweight; Joe Miller, welterweight; Ray Mann, welterweight, and Kid Newman, lightweight.

Young Slater, local flyweight, and Bat Slater, Jr. welterweight, will leave for the west coast soon. Both boys are willing fighters and should make a hit in their new port.

Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg bantam, made a big hit with local fans when he knocked out Young Wrightmeyer, of Omaha, in five; Buss Smith and Carl Wells fought six rounds to a draw; Johnny Long shaded Arlo Van Buskirk in six; Al Pahl and Jimmy Riley drew in four; Denny Daley beat Joe Harris in four; Kid Newman drew with Al Pease in four.

Babe Barnes, junior lightweight, of the Andy Dans Stable, informs us, he is in tip-top shape and ready to go.

One of the best fights staged here this summer, was the recent bout between Jimmy Thompson, local junior lightweight, and Jimmy Legrone, of Des Moines. This was a whirlwind sixer ending in a draw. Lou Vines beat Baby Tiger Flowers in six; Al Pahl, local lightweight, upset the dope by beating Jimmy Johnson in four; Glenn Musselman won over Steve Cronan in four.

Waterloo, Ia.—Kid Lehr, Waterloo, Ia., lightweight, out-classed Hymie Wiseman, of Des Moines, in six; Whitey Dale knocked Max Ripley in two; Kid Ripley knocked out the St. Paul Kid, in two; Bobby LeSalle, fought four to a draw with Jack Donovan; Young Dugan and Jack Spratt drew in their four.

Billings, Mont.—Glenn Musselman, Sioux City lightweight, knocked out Bert Anderson, of Billings, in the ninth round of a billed ten-rounder.

Harlan, Ia.—Sailor La Master, Iowa middleweight, beat Carl Fisher in two falls out of three, in one of the best wrestling bouts ever staged here. In the semi-windup Lloyd La Master threw Frank Thomas.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—One of the best referees in this section is Ted Zanfes, who turns the third man job at Riverview park. . . . Ray Richards, former Nebraska wrestler, has turned boxer. . . . Frankie Wolfram, bantamweight from Canada, has lived up to every thing THE RING correspondents of Canada said about him. . . . While here, he was looked after by Sailor Burke and the writer. . . . Sioux City, Des Moines, and Waterloo, along with Mason City are the best boxing towns in Iowa right now. . . . Bat Dugan, of Clarks, Nebr., informs us, he has taken over the management of Kenny Austin, Nebr. middleweight. . . . Homer Sheridan will open up a new Gym soon. . . . Boxers and managers wishing to get in touch with the writer, mail your letters to 2206 N. Lafayette, Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. If you wish an answer, inclose stamp.

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